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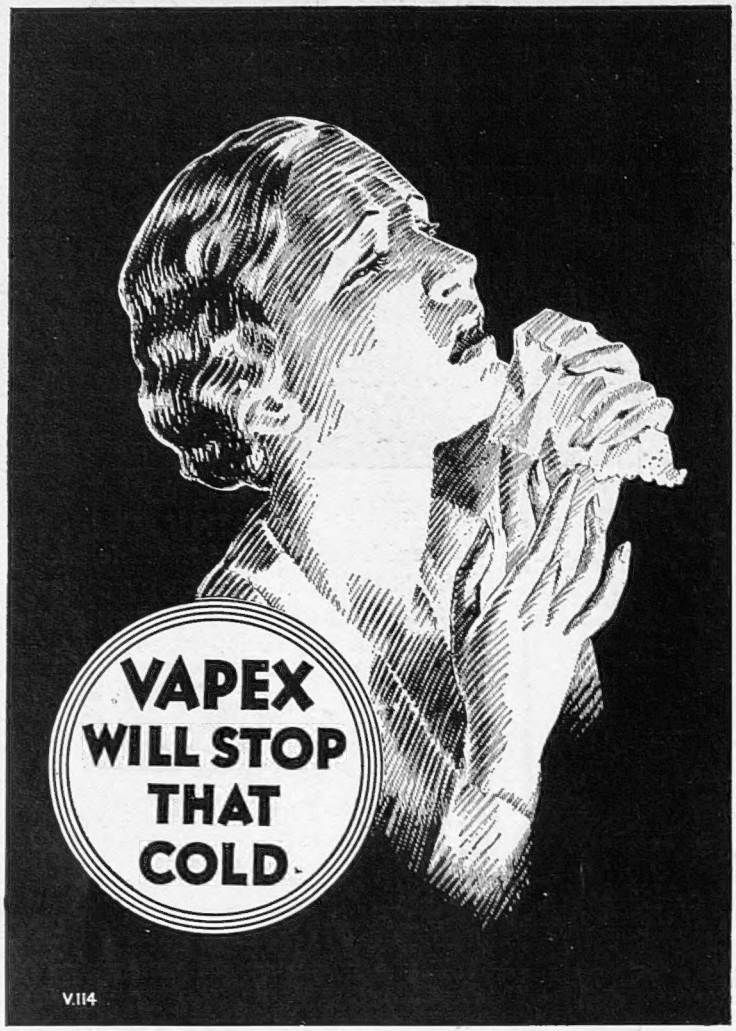

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The Bystander, March 20, 1935

The BYSTANDER

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Gerty Simon

MARKOVA

This interesting portrait of Alice Markova was taken by a German photographer, Gerty Simon, who is at present working in England. The Vic-Wells ballerina has a wildly enthusiastic following who fill Sadler's Wells to the last seat every Tuesday evening, and who will be there in force next week to see the first performance by the Vic-Wells company of "Rio Grande," the Constant Lambert ballet. At the end of the regular season in May, there is to be a special Jubilee season of a couple of weeks, in order that visitors to London may see what is being done by this English company

Prams in the Park

The Youngest Generation Have Their Own Way of Getting Out and About

Mrs. John Musker and Sigrid

Mrs. John Musker often takes her son, Sigrid, and her Peke for their Hyde Park outing. She and her husband live in Eaton Place, so she doesn't have far to walk. She was Elizabeth Loeffler before her marriage

Lady Long and Lady O'Neill

Lady Long of Wraxall and Lady O'Neill are sisters (Charteris was their maiden name), and they both live north of the Park, in Spanish Place and Montagu Square. Lady Long has a daughter, born last year; Lady O'Neill's son, Raymond Arthur Clanaboy, was born in 1933

Photographs by Swaebe

Mrs. Standish and Lady Swaythling

Mrs. Edward Standish was keeping Lady Swaythling company when she took her younger son, who will be four this year, for a pram-ride. Lady Swaythling was Violet Levy, and married Lord Swaythling in 1925, two years before he succeeded to the title

Lady Harford and Timothy

Lady Harford is Sir George Harford's wife and Sir Alfred Tritton's youngest daughter. Her son, Timothy, was born in 1932, and she has a daughter, born last year. Her husband's place is Falcondale, in Cardiganshire

The Hon. Mrs. O'Brien and Maureen

The Hon. Mrs. O'Brien is Lord Decies' elder daughter; she married Robert O'Brien in 1931, and has two daughters, Maureen, born in 1932, and Sheelah, born last year. She and her husband live in Chesham Street

Day —and Night

Six Views of London

Mrs. Goodenday and Mrs. Storey

Mrs. Woolf Barnato

Above: Mrs. Barnato taking her dog for a walk in Mount Street; he was all nice and white from a bath he'd just had

Miss Jean Combe

Was snapshotted outside Quaglino's wearing a long blue coat and a cap with a scarlet pom-pom on it. She is the younger daughter of Capt. Christian and Lady Jane Combe

Above, left: Mrs. Goodenday wearing a pale-blue straw with spring flowers on it, is with Mrs. Eustace Storey. The latter and her husband have taken a house in the country from May 1

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge, Mr. I. Morris and Mrs. N. Riotteau were photographed at the Carlton, where they had supper together last Tuesday

Below: Lady Ursula Manners, the Hon. Patricia Berry and Miss Virginia Gilliatt made a nice-looking trio of ex-debs at the Curzon when Mayfair's own cinema celebrated its first birthday

Swaebe

Swaebe

—At the Curzon Anniversary Première

Mr. Philip and Lady Mary Dunn, Sir John and Lady Milbanke and Lady Pamela Smith arrived together to see ". . . So Ended a Great Love," which was chosen as the Curzon anniversary film, and had a full-dress gala première

Swaebe

Film First-Nighters—

Three Star Debutantes

Who Will Go to the Jubilee Courts

Lenare

Miss Rosemary Henderson

Hay Wrightson

The Hon. Victoria Stanley

Above: the Hon. Victoria Stanley is the youngest sister of Lord Stanley of Alderley, was born in 1917, and is being presented at one of the March Courts by her mother, the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley. She is one of the leading debutantes of the Jubilee season, as well as being very attractive to look at

Top, left: Rosemary Henderson is the younger daughter of the late Hon. Alec Henderson and Lady Murrough Wilson, and also was born in 1917. Susan Henderson was undoubtedly among the best-looking of last year's debs, and Rosemary Henderson will be following in her sister's footsteps this year

Left: another star among the eighteen-year-olds is Lady Betty Anson, the Earl and Countess of Lichfield's elder daughter, who is being presented by her mother. The three debs on this page will all appear in the ranks of the 150 Maids of Honour at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball on June 13th

Lenare

Lady Betty Anson

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 94 Lady Howard de Walden

Potted by Charles Gay Caricatured by Sirra

THE first time we met was some years ago, at a pageant in a Welsh castle. I was supposed to be a mercenary and she was a Royal Queen. Loyally I shouted, "For God, for Henry, and the Blood-Red Rose!" and the incident ended. I still remember, though, how exceedingly Tudor she was. What's more, I rather think she had a falcon on her wrist.

Since those days—some time ago they were—Lady Howard de Walden has become a champion of mothers of debs, being three up (or, rather, out) and two to go. As a hostess she is unique, for she positively insists on entertaining her own friends—a simple statement reflecting only the most natural and unaffected disposition. Her ball in the summer is, for that reason, one of the most sought-after in the season. Even the supper is cooked at home and, most alkali of all tests, her servants are devoted to her.

By nature she is very equable, unless crossed, when she speaks pontifically and unanswerably. As a public speaker, she is poor, but most effective. The sentences come jerkily, but with such obvious sincerity that she always creates a desirable impression on her listeners. Marvellously tactful, Lady Howard de Walden, though she insists that she is the reverse, is said to be London's only music hostess who is musical. Socially, of course, she cannot climb, because she is On Top already. Indeed, her refusal to suffer fools with any noticeable gladness is in itself enough to restore my dying belief in the legend of the Society Leader.

IN private life she is probably the busiest woman in London. She buys at least six hundred pounds' worth of charity tickets every year. Modern? She is an air pilot, drives a car well, and is a constant traveller, with the biggest European mileage of anyone I know, except the Westminsters and the Pullman attendants on the Orient Express. Chamber music, yachting, opera, launching daughters, and intelligent entertaining are her main interests. Very contemporary in her attitude to life, she conceals her tenacity of purpose with a tight smile and a wave of the hand.

That she is adaptable is proved by the extreme happiness of her marriage to her husband, a somewhat mediæval nobleman with a slightly eccentric affection for old armour and folk-songs. Chirk, their place in Denbighshire, is about the size of the Tower of London, and if situated in France would be infested with charabancs, and guides shouting "Voici, messieurs les voyageurs,—"; while Seaford House, in Belgrave Square, has a green onyx staircase which fills everyone with suitable awe. By the bye, the Howard de Waldens are among the biggest urban landlords in England, and own, among other little trifles, the whole of Harley Street.

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Merely Melodrama

Sketches by Rouson

"Ringmaster," at the Shaftesbury

The Marionette Show: sadistic, conceited, ex-matinée idol Peter Hammond (Laurence Olivier) pulls the strings at his guest-house, Redroof. Unfortunately, he got the strings tangled!

"Ringmaster" (Shaftesbury)

THIS play, by Keith Winter, has an unpleasant tone about it, which would be still more unpleasant did the author make us believe for one moment in his characters or their actions. We meet the whole unsavoury bunch in a guest-house near Torquay, when the wife of an ex-actor, now a cripple, who runs the place, has an affair with a colourless naval officer which ultimately leads to their running off together. A middle-aged woman seizes upon the N.O.'s undergraduate brother, and the extent of their intimacy is stressed: "You didn't come to my room last night," says the lady reproachfully, and later presses, not for the first time, a cheque upon the young cad, though precious little pressing is necessary.

LATER on, this cad makes love to his mistress's daughter of eighteen, and though marriage is not mentioned, they propose to run away together, the girl paying expenses, and mother and daughter become jealous of each other.

And all this occurs at a guest-house, which, I take it, is a "refeened" description of a glorified boarding-house, though, to my mind, bawdy house would be a more apposite description. Why the ex-actor ever thought he could manage such a place, or, still more, why his wife allowed him to embark all their capital on such a venture, Heaven and Mr. Keith Winter alone know, for no one was less suited than this one-time thespian to keep the guests contented. Finally he loses the whole lot of them, including his wife, by blurting out the truth concerning their behaviour, and then throwing himself out of his invalid chair and making nasty noises when he finds, not so much that he has lost guests who are the source of his income, but that his wife has had enough of him too, and as there appear to be no servants in the house, he is left lying on the floor yammering until, mercifully, the final curtain falls. "It's been a most unfortunate evening," says one of the characters in the last act, and that was the only occasion when I felt I could see eye to eye with the author.

SOME people may think that this sort of play would give Laurence Olivier a chance as the sadistic cripple who dashes about in an invalid chair. Personally, I found his performance as repulsive as that of Charles Laughton, also in an invalid chair, in *The Silver Tassie*. Whether the author intended him to be repulsive I haven't the slightest idea. May Whitty, Colin Keith Johnston, Jill Esmond, Nigel Patrick, Cathleen Nesbitt, described as "What a bloody woman you are!" and Dorothy Hyson were the others engaged in this painful and pretentious business.

Below: Julian (Nigel Patrick), whose favours were purchased

Mrs. West (May Whitty), a lady with two sons

Above: George West (Colin Keith-Johnston), a sad sailor

Right: Hilda Lester (Cathleen Nesbitt), a passée lady who purchases the favours of a youth with cheques

Right: Ann (Jill Esmond), a long-suffering ex-actor's wife

Peggy (Dorothy Hyson), a modern young thing who loves Julian

and Mostly Music

"Jack o' Diamonds" (Gaiety)

KENNETH DUFFIELD, who was responsible for that excellent revue, *After Dark*, sponsors this musical comedy at the Gaiety. Perhaps I am wrong, however, in calling *Jack o' Diamonds* a musical comedy, as the programme describes it as a musical play; and though I am no expert concerning this sort of entertainment, I believe that there is a subtle difference between the two types. It is a musical comedy when about sixteen authors and lyric writers' names appear on the programme; it is a musical play when they are not so plentiful. As a matter of fact, *Jack o' Diamonds* is the work of but two authors, Clifford Grey and H. F. Maltby, with Noel Gay providing the music.

THE authors evidently possess a knowledge of their craft, for they have avoided dangerous ground by eschewing an original plot. Instead they have used Cinderella once again as a foundation, for here is the drudge who wasn't going to the ball, and instead of the Boy Buttons to act as consoler, the story is modernised by replacing him with a sugar baby "dada," and the illuminated coach and ponies give place to a saloon car to effect transport. Greatly daring, however, the authors have not included a Prince in the story, but have generously provided two heroes—one serious and the other humorous—who appear wealthy when they are not, à la Dandini.

WHAT *is* original at the Gaiety is the performance of Zelma O'Neal, who, unless I am mistaken, has only appeared but once previously before a London audience, and that was in an American show called *Good News*, which was a devastatingly deafening production—a howling failure, in fact.

At the Gaiety this American comédienne has no noise to contend with, and therefore finds it easier to make good—*and* she does, for Zelma O'Neal possesses a most amusing personality, and can mime with the best of them. Watch her expression when, supposedly, she is visiting a cinema—this has nothing to do with the play, but is about the best thing in it. Look and listen when, with Reginald Purdell, she joins in a duet called "Do I Have To Explain?" There is, indeed, comic invention in all this artist does, and I hope that, now Zelma O'Neal has returned to the London boards, we shall see a lot of her.

RICHARD DOLMAN plays the serio-comic hero, who is mistaken for the wealthy Jack o' Diamonds, pleasantly, and broader comedy is provided by Reginald Purdell as his friend, while important parts are also played by Bobby Comber and Viola Compton, Joan Panter and Greta Frayne in this bright musical play which has in the score more than one tune likely to become popular.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

"Jack o' Diamonds"

An ill-assorted couple. Mrs. Featherstone (Viola Compton), snob and fortune-hunter, and Colonel Featherstone (Bobbie Comber), who delights in gardens

The above have arrived. Jack Denham (Richard Dolman) has come all the way from South Africa, with trophies which were bought in Southampton

Laughter-makers-in-Chief: Chick Osborne (Reginald Purdell) and Peggy Turner (Zelma O'Neal) indulge in a little Spanish scarf-dance

Listen...

BEAUTY may be only skin deep, but it is a woman's greatest asset. Chaps may say, "Give me a clever woman every time," but show them a clever woman with a face like the wrong end of a bus, and a lovely blonde who 's as dumb as hell, and see which one they 'll pick, whether it 's to spend an evening, a week-end, or a lifetime with. There just isn't any betting.

•

IT'S always fun talking about beauty, and though, when we look in the looking-glass at our own homely features, we give a little sigh of envy for our lovely sisters whose portraits so often adorn the pages of this paper, we cannot refrain from giving them our wholehearted admiration, which, when we come to think of it, is pretty big of us. But if we indulge in any more of that selfless heroism, we shall have the whole editorial staff in tears.

•

IN the following paragraphs devoted to beautiful women, you will find some well-known names missing, but we overheard the Editor saying to one of the sporting writers: "We don't want a lot of stuff about professionals," so we have left out the names of any beauties we think may have, at some time or other, done something to forfeit their amateur status.

•

THE most beautiful woman we know is Valerie, Lady Brougham and Vaux. Blonde, exquisite, her features are far too well known for us to have to describe them now. Once upon a time, we used to regard Valerie as a very simple little thing, but lately we have quite changed our opinion.

•

HER almost equally lovely sister, Essex, on the other hand, retains all the simplicity of early girlhood, lending the impression that she hasn't the faintest idea what it 's all about. Neither of these sisters could possibly be regarded as being in any way in the bluestocking class, but neither has suffered from a lack of admirers, showing that beauty and girlish charm are a woman's best weapons.

•

ANOTHER very lovely woman is Valerie Brougham's erstwhile girl friend, Oonagh Kindersley. Oonagh has never been renowned for her learning, but no one is more genuinely admired. Tiny and blonde, with the loveliest complexion we have ever seen, Oonagh, despite her lack of inches, has only to enter a room to be the cynosure of all eyes, which always seems to embarrass her acutely.

•

THE loveliest of the very young is Penelope Dudley Ward, who happens to be that rare exception, the possessor of both beauty and brains in almost equal quantities. Far be it from us to suggest that the other ladies are lacking in mental ability, but it is their striking beauty which first attracted the public notice, and it is for that they are renowned.

•

MISS DUDLEY WARD is tremendously ambitious, and she is determined not to marry till she has succeeded in films and also assimilated a deal of knowledge on a diverse number of other subjects besides.

POPULAR WOMEN

No. 16.

Lady Honor Channon

Hay Wrightson

IN her girlhood days Lady Honor was quite a bluestocking, no subject being too abstruse for her to tackle, and of all the girls we knew, by far the best informed was Lady Iveagh's attractive daughter. Since her marriage to the well-known American author, Mr. "Chips" Channon, her thirst for knowledge has considerably slackened, for there are more lofty worlds to conquer than are found in mere books, and they who strive for success in the glittering social world must never slacken in their efforts for a moment. And so, in place of the bluestocking we have a dazzling hostess, and a guest without whom no party is complete. Lady Honor is nevertheless simple in her tastes at heart, and a charming companion. A great heiress, Lady Honor can afford to do anything her fancy takes: for the moment it is entertaining.

ALTHOUGH, technically, not so good-looking as her sister Penelope, we must hand Mrs. Bob Laycock the palm for possessing the most arresting face we have ever seen, for she is one of the few women we can look at literally for hours without ever getting bored.

•

ANOTHER "very young" is Florrie Owen, who is a lovely brunette and a most charming person, though we are inclined to think that she might make herself look even nicer. We may be old-fashioned, but we like these young things to dress to their age. There's plenty of time in the future to wear more advanced clothes.

•

ONE of the most beautiful women we know is Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald. Tall, brunette, with a lovely figure, divine skin, and the most expressive hands, she is a perfect dream. We are delighted that she is spending much more of her time in London these days, where she is often to be seen with her great friend, Lady Alington. Ireland's loss, London's gain.

•

LADY JERSEY seems to get lovelier every time we see her. I am sure she will forgive us when we say that her figure may not be quite so perfect as some of the others we have mentioned, but we think that perhaps her face is the loveliest of them all.

•

FAR be it from us to know all our beautiful sisters, and we saw a very lovely girl dancing the other evening who, on enquiry, we were told was Jean Gillie. We believe she is on the films. She should be successful.

•

LADY BRIDGET POULETT, without mention of whom on at least three pages of this journal no issue is complete, is another with our idea of the perfect face. Once again the camera has obviated the necessity of our writing a description.

•

MRS. SWEENY'S face could *be faulted, but the general effect is grand, though we wish she would smile more these days. Life 's a whole lot of fun. Some of you may have seen her picture in the papers too.*

Monte Carlo Sunshine

Left: Mrs. Malcolm Gladstone drinking her before-lunch drink at the Café de Paris, very neat in a grey suit and white hat. Her husband is a grandson of the "Grand Old Man." She was Betty Cambie, of Toronto, before her marriage. She is a sister-in-law of Mrs. George Philipson, with whom she goes about a lot

Left: Mr. Hubert Martineau has moved on from St. Moritz (he is the president of the Bobsleigh Club) to Monte Carlo, en route for Egypt, whither he regularly takes a cricket eleven. Mrs. Martineau is with him on the Riviera

The Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth is staying at Monte Carlo with her cousin, Mme. René d'Estainville, who was Rita Redhead

Mrs. Roy Goudey has taken a villa at Monte Carlo and will be down there for the summer beachcombing season. She is English, but spends a good deal of her time in the States

Above: Mr. Sidney Beer has also been taking Monte Carlo en route from one place to another. He has been in Vienna, where he gave a concert not long ago, and is off next to New York

Lord and Lady Queensberry have also been missing the English March winds, though the Riviera has produced a few of its own the last week or two. They were just leaving the Hotel de Paris when the camera happened on them

Right: Baroness von Krieger is an attractive German blonde who is coming to London for two months this summer. She was photographed in the sun on the terrace at Monte Carlo

Left: an aerial view of a bit of W.1, with Portman Square in the top centre, and Manchester Square, one of its three "satellites," over to the right

Lord Hylton

CIRCLING the SQUARES

No. 4. PORTMAN and its Satellites: By MIRON

Kind-hearted Hostess, may thy soul,
In heaven a blessing reap,
Whose bounty in the Season flows
To cheer the Little Sweep . . .

CLIMBING BOYS' ALBUM, 1790

"WHAT fun!" cried the Climbing Boys, those sooty Peter Pans, when they streamed through the gates of Portman House every First of May. Just as the Rothschilds later presented pheasants to the London cabbies, so Mrs. Montagu treated these pathetic outcasts to beef and plum-pudding. The interior of the house, the exterior completely spoilt in 1874, must still be much as she built it in 1781. Our greatest literary hostess, this prosperous widow from Hill Street regularly invited her friends to meet Reynolds, Walpole, Johnson, Cowper, Garrick, and Fanny Burney. "Do look in Wednesday, dear Joshua, David and Fanny are coming" she might have written, in the style of her modern successor. All the witty, the wise, and the noble accepted, and here was invented the term "bluestocking."

At 20 is one of the loveliest houses in London, now the Courtauld Institute of Art, which the Sam Courtaulds purchased from Lord Islington, and where, for many years, they gave the Square's best parties since Mrs. Montagu. They were musical parties without music, following after some big concert elsewhere, and the flushed virtuosi could be seen eating ravenously, while all the intelligent-lovely set supped with one eye on the glories of Renoir, Cézanne, and Manet hanging in an eighteenth-century setting. Of the famous faces there, I best remember Arnold Bennett's—how he loved this kind of party. Adam built the house for a lady-love, and thoughtfully provided himself with a secret staircase and entrance from Gloucester Place. Not all the subsequent tenants had a use for it, and some lived and died without discovering its existence. . . .

THE SQUARE was completed in 1784, on high ground in a suburban district considered so healthy that residents like the Howes and Harcourts were lured from St. James's, other early residents including Sir Michael Duff's sportsman ancestor, Thomas Assheton-Smith. Always famous for clever people and their collections, to-day there is at 32 the world's finest collection of photographs of pictures—a Whose-Whose of Old Masters for which all experts consult Sir Robert Witt. Lady Witt is largely responsible for the unusually charming gardens in the Square. Many of Beckfords' famous pictures were for years at 15, just pulled down, passing to his son-in-law, the Duke of Hamilton, and so were later part of the greatest art-sale of all time, the Hamilton Palace dispersal fifty years ago. Later this house was the Duchess of Fife's, that retiring lady of whose shyness so many stories were told. Her daughters, Princess Arthur of Connaught and Lady Maud Carnegie, were brought up here. . . .

THE most riotous party ever held in the West End happened at the French Embassy in October 1801, to celebrate the signing of the unpopular Treaty of Amiens. His Excellency M. Otto had the unfortunate idea of floodlighting the outside of his house with thousands of oil-lamps. "The excessive brilliancy of this illumination has never been exceeded—the sight could hardly sustain the radiance even at a distance of many yards," wrote the gossip-writers, ecstatic then as now, "while the crowd was so immense that for a long time those who had reached the Square could find no avenue for retreat and many carriages were jammed for hours."

Unfortunately, the ignorant crowd read the French sign of "Concord" for "Conquered," and proceeded to smash the Ambassador's windows, whereupon the Embassy footmen hastily substituted "Amitié." But this was mistaken for "Enmity," so Monsieur Otto, in despair, put up the word "Peace"—and peace descended on Portman Square. . . .

LIKE Grosvenor Square, Portman is in transition, but some of the fine old houses still remain inhabited by distinguished people. At 21 is the Dutch Legation, where Mme. van Swinderen gives some of the finest diplomatic balls of the Season. At 12, is Sir John Latta, noted sea-transport magnate during the war, and his handsome wife, in one of the nicest houses. . . . Lady Bertha Egerton, Lord Lichfield's sister, and her husband, who is Lord Ellesmere's brother and a banker, are next door. Lord Luke, head of Bovril, and a lion in the charity world, is at 29. At 30 are Lord and Lady Lloyd, and at 41 the Bectives,

Sir Abe Bailey

Lord Lloyd

Above: Lord Rennell

Above, right: the Earl of Bective

whom we wish were less in Ireland and more often in London. She is Australian, handsome and charming, and he is electrical engineer to Mayfair. No. 38 was a very gay house in the early 'twenties, with Lord Alington's friends arriving, his mother entertaining, and Lois Sturt, now Lady Tredegar, painting in a flat on top.

● The earlier gibe at the Wrong Side of Oxford Street is long forgotten, and Portman Square to-day has three satellite squares, as smart as itself. Bryanston, named after that "whale of a house" in Dorset which the Portmans were thankful later to sell for a school, has become very smart since the war, though it is as old as Portman. A splendid double house is Sir Abe Bailey's, with lovely pictures of the English school. He gives, perhaps, the most important dinner-parties in town, by which I mean dinners for our Rulers and Betters. At 21 the Swiss Legation is made merry by parties for Mme. Paravicini's lovely daughters.

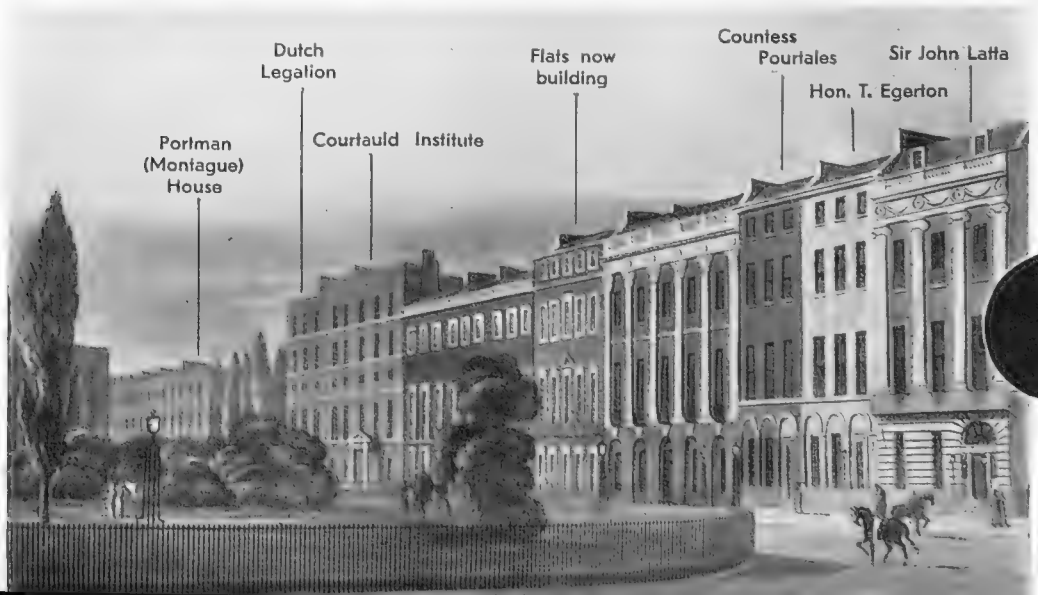
At 26a are the good-looking young Revelstokes, at 25, Sir Felix and Lady Helen Cassel, while at 39 are Lord and Lady Rennell of Rodd. The Rodds are a lively family socially; he was our Ambassador in Rome, and has been a good Roman all his long life. Lady Rennell has the good looks and energy of the Guthries.

Right, top to bottom: Lady Latta; Lady Lloyd; Mme. van Swinderen; Lady Revelstoke

Those popular Eddie Barons have just given up their house here. It is a very wealthy Square, and the social world has evidently decided that the houses are just the right size for entertainment, which is not so with little Montagu Square, next door. Among the well-known residents in the latter are the Morrison-Bells, with the lovely Shelagh, and the Eddie Stonors, with twenty years or more of pleasant luncheons. It is a Square of good bridge houses. Past famous inhabitants include Anthony Trollope, who earned £70,000 in thirty-five years from sixty novels. . . .

● In Manchester Square, on the site of "Maribone Gardens," stands Hertford House, now the Wallace Collection, which was the Spanish Embassy (Marques del Campo) in 1788, hence Spanish Place, and St. James's, still the Embassy Church. Later, Talleyrand came, in his gouty old age, as French Ambassador. Here to-day live Lord and Lady Hylton, the Ralph Glyns, and Freda, Lady Listowel. Twelve years ago the Square was full of children—Lady Winchilsea's, Mrs. Peto's Rosemary (now Lady Hinchingbrooke), and Mrs. Dudley Ward's, so that the grubby gardens were animated with future débutantes of outstanding good looks. . .

Portman Square, North Side: from a coloured print published in "Papworth's Select Views," 1816, a copy of which is in the Guildhall Library



Town and Country Faces

Seen by Molly Bishop

Oriel Ross

Madeleine Carroll

Oriel Ross was sketched at the private view of Vivian Forbes' paintings at the Storran Gallery; she is playing lead in a new play called "White Devil" quite shortly. Madeleine Carroll, who has deserted the London stage for the screen for far too long, was having lunch at the Embassy, wearing a black halo hat which suited her excellently

Miss Connie Dawes

Is an amusing and very smart Canadian who spent most of last summer over here and has just come back to London again. Her Embassy lunch clothes were a brown and beige peppermint-striped dress, bronze Alaska seal coat, and a little pointed cap

Mrs. Geoffrey Phipps-Hornby

Is the wife of the 9th Lancers polo player. She was at the opening meeting of the Salisbury Plain Race Club at Windmill Hill, when her husband won the Nomination race on Pukka Belle

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

PLEASANTLY titillated by the announcement of a wireless musical burlesque of Fleet Street, we switched on in due course and had three-quarters of an hour of mild roguery in the *Punch* manner, where we had hoped for something swift, ruthless, tonic, and bang on the bull. Evidently Fleet Street has little to fear at the moment from the only organisation in a position to have a sock at it.

The only good satire on the nastier journalism we have seen is *Five Star Final* (*Late Night Final* over here), of which every line bore the stamp of white-hot rage. (One other American newspaper play, *Clear All Wires*, had one good line: "News? Listen, they don't want the *news*! They want to know what happened!"). Fleet Street hasn't attained the lower levels of New York tabloid journalism yet, but one London daily at least is written almost exclusively (and with what labour Heaven alone knows!) in the American tongue, so it needn't be long.

Our ideal newspaper front page—there actually used to be something like it, we're told, thirty years ago, when evening papers for the educated, like the *St. James's* and the *Globe* and the *Pall Mall* and the *Westminster*, were in their heyday—consists of a left-hand double-column daily essay by Lucas, Chesterton, Belloc, Baring, Lynd, Priestley, MacCarthy, Agate, Bernard Darwin, and any others who write like wits and/or gentlemen. The right-hand double-column (with turnover) is occupied by either a short story (Maugham, Wodehouse, Evelyn Waugh, etc.), a sound political article, or a succession of topical paragraphs, each neat, pointed, sophisticated, free from clichés, and, when necessary, tart, or one good book review. The middle three columns may carry one good photograph, worth looking at, selected important news-items with restrained headlines, none of which should unnecessarily offend eye, nose, or mind, and a news-summary. On an inside middle page you would find the newest murders and scandals, succinctly summarised and tucked away, and the rest of the paper could do what it liked, so long as it didn't give an average intelligent reader belly-pains.

That's our dream-newspaper, and a fat chance we stand of seeing it before we die.

So What?

ANOTHER Sam Goldwyn story we recently heard, and if it isn't new to you, will you oblige us by climbing the nearest tree?

In Hollywood film factories, writers are immured in little cells, as in a prison, and left, sometimes for months on end. Passing down a deserted corridor one day lately, Sam Goldwyn poked his head into one of these cells and found a lonely writer there, gnawing his fountain-pen and staring desperately out of the window.

"Vot do you do?" barked Mr. Goldwyn.

"Oh—er—I write, Mr. Goldwyn."

"You vot?"

"I write."

The magnate flung out his arms in an appeal to Heaven.

"Vell? *Vy don't you?*"

Tsigane (Pronounced "Er-cher")

LESS passionate and picturesque than the fiddle-playing gipsies of the Balkans, or Lady Eleanor Smith's colourful little Romany playmates in Spain, are the gipsies of Hampshire, England; but they apparently know more about business methods than their Continental brethren, and don't waste much time fiddling or dancing. They call instead on an old lady in Bournemouth, according to a recent news story, and terrify her, and she gives them anything from a fiver to thirty-five pounds. If she hasn't money in the house they hang round till she goes to the bank. They will call for the backsheesh as often as seven times a morning. The men shout at her, the women come back for more, with their relatives. "I am getting low in my account at the bank," said the old lady to the interviewer, rather plaintively.

To us this story is instinct with just a little more than the usual glamour of Romany; the wind on the heath; the encampment under the stars; the caravan in the dingle; the wild, melancholy songs; the defiant challenge to the cities, and all the rest of the fla-fla. It suggests to us that the wild, defiant children of Egypt acquire a whole lot of sturdy qualities in this country which would fit them admirably for a big financial career, and we think Lady Eleanor ought to give the matter some attention. There's a fine romantic

"Well, 'ow's things in the Bengal Lancers?"

" You see, Malcolm must have some *outlet "*

best-seller in the rise of some swarthy, red-blooded Romany chal, who begins by bullying old ladies in Bournemouth for five-pound notes and ends by bullying old ladies in Whitehall for five million. The suburbs would eat it. Whoops ! Sing to us, gipsy.

Champion of Dames

" LEAVE my women friends out of it ! " screamed André Spada, the Corsican bandit king, to the judge at Bastia during his trial the other day. This old-world gallantry pleased us. We doubt if you would get it from one of the greater bandits of the modern world—those, for example, whose biographies adorn an interesting volume recently published in America called *The Robber Barons*.

We know a man who has mingled with both kinds of bandit : the kind that operates in the aromatic Corsican maquis and the kind that prowls the denser jungles of Finance. He said the Corsican bandit treated his harem roughly but kindly, whereas the financier's sultanas had a peculiar expression in their cold, brooding eyes ; such an expression (he said) as Jael might have worn when Sisera's head was bent over his plate after some gay, soldierly remark, while she toyed pensively with the hammer under the table-cloth. It seems that Our Dumb Friends' League will have nothing to do with this kind of case, yet it strikes us that to fuss over horses and ignore the sufferings of creatures often equally decorative, and certainly more dumb, is curiously illogical.

But that 's how it is. The dumber the friend, the less interest taken by the League in him, or her. What, for example, is dumber than a blackbeetle ? And can you ever get 'em interested in the sorrows of blackbeetles ? Can *you* ?

Trombone Solo

THE least dumb friend we have ever known is probably James (" Boss ") Agate, dean of dramatic critics, whose recently-published memoirs and diary confirm the old, lousy aphorism that suffering is good for the artist. Behind that double Sunday column of gay and allusive prose, those polished, incisive sallies, those elegant interpolations from Racine and Balzac, and the pink section of *Larousse*, are recurring debts, duns, tonsilitis, wind, compulsional neurosis, influenza, frenzied dictation, hay fever, lack of food (made up by snatching an occasional sandwich while galloping between shows) and sleep (made up during first-night performances), and, above all, heart-shaking worries about golf, ponies, semi-colons, and literary rhythms. Yet the Boss triumphs. His writing is there. The agony of it ! The privilege (as the great actress, herself suffering from wind and swaying slightly, remarks to her youthful adorer in an entrancing short story by Dorothy Parker called *Glory in the Daytime*) !

The Agate artistic credo, incidentally, is our own. We must have luxury, too, or die, and our Art with us. Another thing we have in common, it appears, is an occasional spasm of despair of ever beating our own matchless best of 1925.

Example from Agate :

> I like to do Leslie [Henson] well, though I can never come up to my description of him years ago as " looking like a moth whose eyeballs were about to burst through eating too much tapestry."

It 's an unworthy feeling, James, and, in our experience, it soon wears off.

Caricature No. 2

THE new Epstein Christ (alleged) is eleven feet high, weighs six tons, and looks like a cross between an Easter Island idol and a constipated Assyrian bookmaker. So we were agreeably surprised to find the *Daily*

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 23.—Rudyard Kipling

THE Ruler of Rolling Rhythms,
The Lord of the Long-drawn Line,
He writes of the Empire's outposts,
The palm and the stately pine ;
He sings of the English country,
Of the oak and ash and thorn,
And the legions which press close after
Wherever the Flag is borne.

In poem and prose he praises
The men of the *Sahib* clan
" From the Four-Mile Radius, roughly,
To the plains of Hindustan."
Great lover of Miss Britannia,
He still has the urge to see
Her realms at last transformed to
An Imperial R.K.dy.

The Chanter-in-Chief of Empire
Has long had the skill to please
With songs of the camp and barracks
In Five Nations and Seven Seas.
Some say that his verse is hackneyed,
Lacking true poesy's flow—
But what do they know of Kipling
Who only his " If " do know ?

B. W.

Mirror refusing to give it advance publicity when the photographs were sent to the Press. It is even more deliberate than Epstein's previous attempt on the same Figure, and there will naturally be the usual chorus of timid art critics and shrill Bloomsbury oddities explaining its wonderful " interpretation." The *Daily Mirror* described it briefly as a " hideous symbol." It is a little more than that ; it is a weapon and a challenge, and a real one.

The difficulty about encountering anything real in these islands is that the blue-eyed inhabitants loathe reality and won't look it in the face, but either (*a*) ignore it altogether, or (*b*) if their nose is forcibly rubbed in it, pretend it 's something else. Added to this is another handicap, noted by H. G. Wells—the English belief that you can make anything inconvenient or disturbing disappear by firmly closing the eyes. Hence it isn't much good pointing out to the average Englishman the implications of Epstein's latest opus. He will reply that there can't possibly be any, because Epstein has such nice, brown eyes and is asking 3000 guineas for the thing.

Incidentally, the attitude of our two favourite Press aunties charmed us not a little. Auntie *Times*, with tight-pursed lips, confined herself, rather grimly, to technical criticism. Emotional Auntie James Douglas, on the other hand, went quite cuckoo with ecstasy, kicking up her heels and whooping and cavorting round like a middle-aged débutante at a wedding. That girl will get hysterical some day if she isn't careful.

Star in a Night

We thought Uncle Hugh Walpole's screen début as the Vicar (not the milkman) in *David Copperfield*, was colossal—and free moreover, from any suggestion of unpleasantness or horse-play. What a future this superb artist has, or will have !

We remember reading some time ago the assertion, made by some frantic and licentious newspaper scribbler, that Uncle Hugh, expecting vainly to be cast for Dora, had swept haughtily off the " set " in a flood of tears on being disappointed, creating hell for everybody. We 've been to some trouble to dig out the truth. The facts are as follows :

(1) M.-G.-M. were quite willing to make Dora Copperfield rather tall, bald, rosy, and spectacled, but they drew the line at letting her write prefaces all day long. " She 'd be one hell of a girl-bride, just doing that," remarked an executive, very truly.

(2) Failing Dora, they suggested a special milkman's part, to be written into the script by Hugh Walpole himself. Unfortunately, the speeches were much too long, one of them, on current tendencies in the English sex-novel, lasting twenty-five minutes.

(3) One of the directors then suggested Thora as an alternative. " Thora Macdonald," he said, " that Scotch floozie." Negatived by Mr. Walpole because of the dancing.

(4) Finally, someone suggested the Vicar in *David Copperfield*.

Uncle Walpole ultimately accepted this, and a fine romantic part was made of it, embracing a stampede of rogue elephants in Nigeria, a Paris night-club raid, and a murder on a sinking liner. As often happens, however, all this vanished in the final cutting, leaving the Vicar's part just as we see it. And how impressive, even now !

I picked that up at a church bazaar"

" I 've got a sore throat, but he knows my speech from start to finish"

Reflection

(On crossing Piccadilly Circus).

When Leda met the urgent Swan
They say she rather led him on ;
O ruthless Bird ! O hapless fair !—
If only Edgar had been there !

The Bystanders.

• FILMS of the DAY

"The Very Dickens . . ."

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Maurice, Where Art Thou ?

In "The Man from Folies Bergère" (London Pavilion), Chevalier plays an amusing double part as actor and financier, and each pretending to be the other (hence the moustache). Ann Sothern is the blonde

David the Boy in the New Dickens Film

Freddie Bartholomew, another brilliant child-actor, takes the part of the young David in "David Copperfield," the Selznick production at the Palace. Elizabeth Allan is Mrs. Copperfield in this photograph, and Jessie Ralph is Nurse Peggotty

Of all the classic writers whose work has been adapted for the screen, Dickens has proved the best "scenarist." His stories are so full of incident, his characters so vividly differentiated, that one may say that any one of his novels contains, ready-made, the material for a good film. At any rate, *David Copperfield* is a satisfying picture, and most of the members of the brilliant cast seem to revel in their Dickensian impersonations.

W. C. Field as Micawber is, to me, the great surprise. His is a lovely performance, not merely, as one might have feared, a comic turn. In the past, I have found his slurring speech unintelligible, his wild antics in those holocausts of comic (sic) destruction not even funny. But as Micawber he brings out all the character's old tawny pomposity, optimism, humbugging, and goodness of heart.

Roland Young is successful as the 'umble and 'ateful Uriah Heep, but perhaps the part lends itself almost too obviously to caricature. Another most excellent impersonation comes from Lionel Barrymore, as Dan Peggotty. His make-up was perfect, and for once he did not overact. It must have been a relief to him not to have to die of heart-disease. He looks, speaks, and acts like an old English salt.

The awful Victorian domestic tyrant must have existed, since he recurs so often in fiction, and Mr. Murdstone, the wicked stepfather in *David Copperfield*, is his synthesis. Basil Rathbone has the ungrateful task of portraying him. Jean Cadell's brief appearances as Mrs. Micawber are delightful; but the performance I enjoyed more than any was that of Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. She is not only Dickens's, but also Cruickshank's, termagant but good-hearted spinster lady to the life.

Dickens's greatest failure is in his portrayal of young females. Even in his day, girls cannot all have been so uniformly insipid and silly. Maureen O'Sullivan as the pitiful and maddening "child-wife," Madge Evans as the faithful Agnes, and Florinne McKinney as Little Em'ly, so basely seduced and betrayed by the handsome villain Steerforth, cannot do much with these fictional puppets in petticoats. Some of the smaller parts are beautifully cast and played, notably Elsa Lanchester as Clickett, the Micawbers' maid, and Herbert Mundin as the willing Barkis.

David the boy is played by Freddie Bartholomew, who comes successfully through the ordeal of the harrowing early scenes, and is skilfully steered between the bathos and priggishness which threaten. Frank Lawton is David grown to manhood, and his diction, manner and mien are attractive.

I found the dubbed, picture-postcard backgrounds not worthy of the rest of the production. But this is an interesting picture, both for Dickens fans and those to whom the Peggottys and Micawbers, Uriah Heep and the Copperfields are as yet strangers.

If America has rediscovered Dickens, Maurice Chevalier has discovered himself—as an actor, not merely the sailor-hatted, leg-waggling farceur of the Paris cabaret, capitalising an insolent wink, a protruding underlip, and a gift for vocal innuendo. In *The Man from Folies Bergère*, he plays a part—in fact, two and a half parts—and he does so extraordinarily well.

This is a typical Zanuck production, well mounted, well cut, and even better photographed than usual. Here is an entertaining and intricate plot. A Baron, who is also a financier, is sufficiently a figure in the Parisian world to be the subject of caricature by the well-known actor, Charlier. His imitation of the Baron is applauded nightly, and he is presented to the Baron's lovely, but neglected, wife.

Comes the time when the Baron's absence from a financial conference and an important reception may cause ruinous panic. Charlier is persuaded to impersonate him. This is Chevalier's opportunity: his eye-glass, moustache, and grey-streaked hair transform him: he drops the swaggering buffoonery of the professional comedian, and becomes a suave man of the world. The Baroness has been warned, and enjoys an evening's flirtation with the pseudo-husband. But the Baron comes home and, in his turn, impersonates the impersonator. There are plenty of opportunities for good comedy in this game of cross-purposes, and an entertaining bed-room scene, with no impropriety.

Merle Oberon is the lovely Baroness. Mr. Zanuck claims to have completed, or redone, Mr. Korda's work in grooming her for stardom during the short time she was in America. The only appreciable difference is that in *The Man from Folies Bergère* the make-up man and camera-man collaborate in exaggerating her traits, so that the emphasis of her high forehead and slanting eyes, the heavily painted mouth and artificially long lashes make her look inhuman, more like a Messel mask of Merle Oberon than lovely Merle Oberon herself. You may admire this. I prefer to see her develop under the brilliant and sympathetic directorship of Korda, than to see her reduced to a Hollywood formula.

Comings and Goings in Hollywood

A Present For Lilian

Lilian Harvey left Europe in tears, but she left Hollywood with all sorts of moods—in a box. Max Factor, the famous make-up man of the screen world, gave her a special make-up outfit in a specially designed box, and here they all are—Max, Lilian, and her handsome parting present

Marlene Dietrich and Her New Leading Man

Marlene Dietrich and Cesare Romere were photographed at Hollywood's smartest restaurant, the Trocadero Café. He plays opposite her in "The Devil Is a Woman" (late "Caprice Espagnol"), which will be shown in London before long. It is reported to be positively the last picture that Josef von Sternberg is to direct for Marlene

Right: the Hon. Mrs. Ronnie Greville was photographed with Wendy Barrie and Spencer Tracy at Fox's Movietone City while she was paying Hollywood a visit. Wendy Barrie is making her Hollywood début in "It's a Small World"

The Hon. Mrs. Ronnie Greville Visits Fox

MASQUERADE: *A camera study by John Everard after the film, and posed by Margaret Dana of the Grosvenor House Follies*

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

THE East wind which blew mercilessly all last week put a few of those Mayfairers to ground, of whom some will, unfortunately, be revived by the sunshine instead of remaining there. Even the South of France suffered from the weather, and drove visitors in Cannes and Monte Carlo straight into the Casino. Gala nights at the Ambassadeurs at Cannes are as full as ever, even if the younger generation are not very much to the fore. I am pleased to be able to report that in the party given by Major and Mrs. Douglas King were those two popular officers, Colonel Buzzard and Captain Somers Cocks.

IN England we are all keyed up for the Jubilee, and everybody is expecting Miss Marjorie Glasgow to confirm her engagement to Lord Cochrane by getting married this year. Another American who we always thought would get married is Miss Hoytie Wiborg, but for years she has disappointed all suitors.

CAPTAIN ARTHUR ELIOT has returned to Punch's, so he has evidently settled any little disagreement which he may have had with the other burly Captain, "Jumbo" Joliffe.

Mrs. Claude Leigh

Sketched at her Upper Brook Street house, where the last Debutantes' Ball committee meeting took place. She is the chairman of the Ball, which is one of the biggest charity events planned for the season

On the right is Admiral of the Fleet Lord Jellicoe, watching the musical chairs on the ice at a recent Ice Club gala. Below is his third daughter, Lady Norah Jellicoe, who was there that same evening. All the Jellicoe family are enthusiastic skaters

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Lady Norah Jellicoe

PROPHETS were right every time last week, because they had all said that Captain Campbell Black and Miss Florence Desmond would not get married. Poor Miss Foyle was very upset, for the bride-to-be was due to speak at the Literary Luncheon.

LET us turn to a more cheerful subject, and take note of Princess Alexis Mdivani's poems, which made Laurence Tibbett, the famous baritone, leap smartly out of bed when he heard he was billed to sing such a lovely lyric as "Have you ever ridden through a dusty Pekin street?", composed by the Princess on her honeymoon, and dedicated to Miss Elsa Maxwell. She rightly says, "One of them is a beautiful fragment of porcelain, as beautiful as Barbara's soul."

LAURENCE TIBBETT, by the way, is about the most highly paid baritone in the world, and another American star, Grace Moore, has arranged to come here

Lord Jellicoe

to sing at Covent Garden in *La Bohème* during the season. The whole of the amphitheatre is already sold out for all performances of *The Ring*. Those who may be travelling in Italy in May should not miss the great musical festival at Florence, which Count Andrea de Robilant, who was over here last week, describes as the finest of its kind in Europe. Added to the music are some Reinhardt productions, in settings which are better even than Salzburg or Venice.

MISS OLGA LYNN tells me that Mr. Odom, that kindly American benefactor to English society, is not taking the Palazzo Barbaro there this year. Secret plans are being prepared for the summer by the Lynn-ites (pronounce "linnets," please), and then we shall all be told where we *must* go. To some that news may be indicative of where they must not go, for, unless you are in the set, life can be made very difficult for you.

• Getting Married . . .
Weddings and Engagements in Pictures—on pages B and C before the Frontispiece

• Dinner, Dance and Cabaret
Our Going-Out Guide Pages 529—531.

Swaebe

At the Café de Paris

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg go often to the Café de Paris for supper, as Mrs. Wagg used to do in the days when she was ex-deb Katherine Horlick. This is an unfair photograph, as she and her husband generally look much more cheerfully companionable when out together

Five Bridge Players at a Charity Tournament at

Lady Ilchester, the chairman, dealing a hand at the bridge tournament which was held last week at Londonderry House in aid of the Chelsea Hospital for Women. Lady Ilchester is Lord Londonderry's only sister

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON (continued)

A VISITOR whom we have not seen lately over here is Mr. "Eddie" Eily, the young Egyptian who flashes, meteor-like, across the lives of Mayfairers, suddenly vanishing from view for months; and now he is here again in London, after a period of entertaining in his new Paris house.

OTHER visitors from Paris have been the extraordinarily pretty mannequins who have been showing their dress collection at the Splendide. One wishes that Miss Dorothy Paget had had time to slip in and see some of the models, so as to have something nice and natty for Aintree. Dress and bright conversation are not her strong points, one of which is fidelity to that handsome brown coat with a fur collar which she always wears when racing. Her cousin, Mr. Jock Whitney, is going to be a very bold challenger to Golden Miller with his Thomond II. in the National.

HERE we shall have all the usual crowd, many of whom have to get up so unaccustomedly early on this day. There will be special trains rushing up, aeroplanes flying up, and the scuffle to get an invitation to a nice luncheon-party. The best catch in this line is in that cottage in the Paddock, where the Duke of Westminster entertains: it was his fifty-sixth birthday yesterday.

THE DUKE and Duchess of Kent are at Montego Bay, in Jamaica, and the Duke of Gloucester has been staying with them. He returned to Kingston, so as to be able to see one of the Test matches.

I HEAR that the South Africans, on their visit here this year, are quite likely to stir us up a bit. They are reported to be about ten per cent. inferior only to the Australian side. "Gubby" Allen, who seems to be strongly in the running for the English captaincy, is just off with a side to Gibraltar. They are at present short of a wicket-keeper, but as they have that useful Jack-of-all-trades, Mr. Alec Pilkington in the team, there seems little to worry about. Messrs. Percy Chapman and Henry Hunloke are also going; the latter adds a humorous touch both off and on the field.

MRS. BALDWIN gave one of her Thursday afternoon receptions in 11, Downing Street, wearing a dress of dark-green wool marocain, and a kolinsky wrap, which turn-out put Lady Mount Temple thoroughly on her mettle. Captain Cunningham-Reid was able to tell his friends that his wife is very much better: they are going to charter a yacht to cruise in the Mediterranean.

LADY LATHOM gave a cocktail-party at the Ritz, to introduce guests to Mr. Arthur Houghton, who is responsible for the Steuben Glass Exhibition at the Fine Arts Society. Lady Annaly was there, also Sir Richard and Lady Cruise, Mr. Walter Thornton-Smith (holding a watching brief for Fortnum's), and Mrs. Jack Fielden, whose Pekinese, "Beetle," is to be entered for the retriever trials this autumn, if he keeps up his last year's form with the partridges.

LET us give our annual congratulations to Lord Leigh upon his success with the pike at Slapton Ley, in Devonshire. He and General Ludlow braved all the elements, and caught 110 pike in six days, averaging nearly six pounds apiece. His Lordship is so pleased with the catch that he contemplates having the largest fish set up, and presenting it to his niece, Mrs. Charles Graves, to dominate their hall in Gloucester Place. MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

THE DUCHESS OF YORK looked charming at the White Rose Ball at Grosvenor House the other night in a rose-pink moiré dress with fluffy tulle sleeves. Lady Annaly, in cyclamen pink with touches of blue about the belt, was in the royal party. All the usual "out-and-abouters" were there, including Lady Alexandra Haig and Lady Delamere. Lady Hamilton looked the part as she received the guests beneath a lovely diamond and sapphire tiara. The Harcourts were together, and so were the Roland Cubitts. Talking of them reminds us that Countess Paul Munster, who shares their hunting-box in Leicestershire with them, was badly kicked on the leg at a meet of the Cottesmore the other day. We are glad to hear that no bones were broken. To return to the White Rose Ball, we noticed that the Duke and Duchess of York applauded very enthusiastically when Lady Plunket and Mr. Walter Crisham gave their exhibition dance. Others at the party included the Leo Lonsdales and Miss Pamela Kingsmill. Lady Weigall, complete in pale blue and wheel-chair, had Lady Georgiana Curzon in her party, who looked particularly attractive in black velvet, with pink roses in a kind of garland round her neck.

CAPTAIN and Mrs. Gray Horton (she in black satin, with masses of tulle around her feet) were together at the

Londonderry House

Above is another bridge four at the Londonderry House tournament: Lady Jersey as dummy, Lady Mary Herbert, Lady Ilchester's elder daughter, Lady Mary Dunn playing the hand, and Mrs. Mike Wardell

Right: Lady Lathom and Sidney Waugh, the American architect-designer, at the reception Lady Lathom gave at the Ritz to Arthur Houghton, Jr., who is holding an exhibition of his Steuben Glass at the Fine Arts Society from to-day onwards. The Zodiac Bowl, designed by Mr. Waugh, has been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum

Below: Mr. Gordon Page, and Lady Mabel Jocelyn and Lady Elizabeth Annesley, Lord Roden's two daughters, were in a party of four at the Florida the other night

American Glass for an English Museum

Supper at the Florida

The Hon. Vanda Vivian Tunbridge

Lord and Lady Vivian's daughter, who is twenty-three this year, has just announced her engagement to Mr. Philip A. C. Bridgewater, 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, only son of the late Captain Bridgewater, and Mrs. Bridgewater, of Berkeley Court. She is a half-sister of Lady Weymouth

Savoy the other night, and were later joined by Captain Geoffrey Moule and another man. We 've come to the conclusion that Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg takes more exercise in a short space of time on a dance floor than most men we know. He, too, was there on this particular night, going " hell for leather." Mr. Jack Hulbert started the evening tête-à-tête, but was later joined by Cicely, complete in green and white tartan taffetas, and plus escort. Lord Monck was paying one of his rare visits to London, and was with the dark and lovely Miss Diana Mills. It 's not often we see Mrs. Vernet off the race-course, but there she was. Sir Robert Throckmorton also put in an appearance that night. Miss Christina Lyall was another person we noticed. She was with her fiancé, Mr. Rupert Lonsdale.

In our wanderings lately we 've seen Miss Marjorie Scott having lunch with her fiancé; Miss Diana Eyres-Monsell leaving the Ritz with hers. Mrs. Raoul Millet, whose husband is himself an artist and a descendant of the famous painter, we 've also seen feeding, and Mrs. Jules Thompson we 've seen about to feed. Lady Mary Herbert, Lord Stavordale's sister, put in an appearance in London the other day, and nearly " bumped us off " in a well-known crowded thoroughfare. Miss O'Malley-Keyes, in a black postman's hat with a bunch of green feathers on the front, didn't pass us unnoticed, either. Nor did Miss Heather Thatcher, arm in arm with Miss Isabel Jeans.

Lady Norah Jellicoe is following in the footsteps of her sister, Lady Myrtle Balfour, by being married at All Soul's, Langham Place, at the end of this month. She is also choosing the same distance to travel to her reception, as Lord and Lady Jellicoe have again taken a house in Cadogan Square. Her bridegroom is Mr. Wingfield, whose mother, Lady Violet Wingfield, is lending her lovely old lace veil for the occasion. British Legion poppies will play a large part in the decorations in the church, and the bridesmaids will wear taffetas frocks of the same colour, so the whole thing ought to look pretty bright. Lady Bridget Poulett is to be one of them, and Lord Poulett is to be best man, so brother and sister will again be together—which, doubtless, they 'll enjoy. Everything about the wedding is beautifully planned, even down to the air trip to Paris after it, and the transporting of wedding guests by air from the Isle of Wight. All this air business has been arranged by the bride's brother-in-law, Mr. Lionel Balfour, who is connected with an aviation company. What some of us would give to have a brother-in-law like that!

The dance Mrs. Percy Quilter gave the other night for her third daughter, Diana, was a lot of fun, chiefly because " young-marrieds " played a large part as well as the scores of debutantes. Mrs. John Benson, the eldest daughter of the house, brought a large party, and another " young-married " who always helps to decorate a ball-room was Mrs. Antony Acton. One of the most attractive of the debs was Miss Sonia Quilter, whose mother, Lady Quilter, is giving a dance for her in the near future. This is the last dance that Lady Quilter will feel bound to give, as her other two daughters are both well launched on the world.

MRS. PEEPS

By a slip of the pen, Lady Jean Bertie was described, in last week's issue as the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bute, instead of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute.

A Racing Reverie

The Charm of Cheltenham

By "Regular"

Golden Miller Wins Cheltenham Cup for the Fourth Time

Left: the Hon. Dorothy Paget leading in Golden Miller after once again winning the Cheltenham Gold Cup. The favourite for the Grand National beat Thomond II., the second favourite, by three-quarters of a length

Right: Miss McCall, Captain Boyd-Rochfort, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford photographed on the second day of the Cheltenham Meeting

Below: Mrs. Robert Van den Berg and Lady Suffield, who were among the record crowd attracted to the good sport at this year's Cheltenham Meeting

THE good ship Homeric docked at Southampton at 8 o'clock, and I was at Cheltenham in time for the first race. I had travelled 13,000 miles and had a marvellous time. I found that the BYSTANDER was a topic of conversation wherever I went, as, within a few miles of the Equator, an inebriated gentleman warned a lovely girl about talking to that horrible "Muck Rake"; while a still more tiddley old lady referred to me as the "Tuppeny Tipster." Rudeness is not confined to the race-course.

WHEN you have been out of touch with civilisation for six and a half weeks, you can't be too careful on your return, and at Cheltenham I was very careful. A tender solicitation after the health of the old mare may elicit the sad reply that she 's bolted; while, on enquiring after the old woman, you may be told that she 's bolted too.

CHELTENHAM showed us that the West Indies have by no means the monopoly of blue skies, and the weather for the meeting was grand; the sport was grand as well.

AT a snake farm near Panama I saw a gentleman take gross liberties with a cobra. He was a brave man. I should hesitate to say, however, that he was any braver than some of the gentlemen who rode round Cheltenham, for, as the Mem very rightly said, he and the cobra appeared to understand one another perfectly, whereas at Cheltenham there was not invariably that perfect understanding between horse and rider so essential to success.

THE pluckiest bit of riding I have seen for years was put up by Mr. G. Wood, a very accomplished horseman. After jumping the last fence in the United Hunts Challenge Cup, his mount, Young Flinty, swerved to the left and fell heavily over the dolls, the latter appearing to catch Mr. Wood full in the ribs. Undaunted, however, Mr. Wood was on his feet in an instant and, remounting, he finished second. Truly, Mr. Wood, your ribs must be made of iron.

THE winner of this race was Cheerful Marcus, well ridden by that very popular young man in the City and elsewhere, "Ruby" Holland Martin. I was told before the race that this was the certainty of the meeting, but if Young Flinty had not behaved like a pounced-on debutante, the good thing would have come unstuck.

AFTER this race I took a protracted walk round the paddock, where I found most of the Regulasses looking much as I had last seen them, seven weeks ago. A nice bit of sun on their backs had naturally brought most of them on a pound or two, but I was horrified at the appearance of one well-known girl, who had had her mane hogged and now looks like one of George Poole's platers.

THE meeting was a colossal success, and once again I must congratulate Messrs. Pratt on the excellence of the arrangements in general. I feel, however, that I am voicing a general grievance when I lament over the transformation of the gentlemen's cloak-room in the members' enclosure into yet another bar. Truly we live in a materialistic age. I hope that before the next meeting the old order of things will once again prevail.

TAPINOIS, who, if he can jump the course, must have a great chance in the National, won the National Hunt Handicap 'Chase in great style.

(Continued on page vi)

Peter North

Sisters

No. 4. Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham And the Comtesse de Pret-Roose

The two good-looking daughters of the late Mr. G. T. Garland are well known wherever hunting or racing people are gathered together. Their father was an Anglo-American who raced for many years in this country. Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham was Jean Garland; her husband is Brig.-Gen. Oswald Smith-Bingham's second son, and was in the 15th Hussars and the Tins. The Comtesse de Pret-Roose was Betty Garland; her home was Gaddesby, near Melton Mowbray, but she is now living at Ellens Green, in Surrey. She has two small sons

British Institutions—(perhaps): No.

DRAWN BY KERRY LEE

1. A Busy Day at the War Office

WOLSELEY "18" **£340**
(as illustrated) (Tax £13 10)

WOLSELEY "14" **£240**
(Tax £10 10)

BUY WISELY—BUY
WOLSELEY
THE TRUSTWORTHY CAR

WOLSELEY MOTORS (1927) LTD., WARD END, BIRMINGHAM. *Governing Director: Lord Nuffield.*

The County Championship

D. H. M. Craven (Lancs) well tackled by H. Sherman (Somerset) in the final of the County Championship at Bath, when Lancashire beat Somerset by fourteen points to nil

The International Match at Belfast

A surprise was effected by Ireland in winning the International match against Wales at Belfast by nine points to three. This victory was gained despite the fact that the home country played a man short, owing to injury, for nearly the whole of the match. The photograph above shows C. E. Beamish (Ireland) getting the ball during a line-out. It was Ireland's forwards who had much to do with the victory

John Radnor on "Rugger"

Exuberant Erin!

IT always is good to raise a hearty laugh. At any rate, I feel that I scored heavily when, on the journey back from Belfast, during the inevitable inquest on the match between Ireland and Wales, I roundly declared that, so far from Mr. Allan having over-asserted himself, he had not asserted himself enough—with disastrous effects upon the Welsh back-play!

Of course, I had to explain then, as I certainly must do now, that I was not merely being funny—in a way—but subtle and profound.

As everyone knows by this time, Ireland, with a man short nearly all the time, and a good man, too, easily held and beat Wales by two penalty goals and one try to one penalty goal, first playing with a strong and icy-cold wind at their backs and then with the same grievous handicap in their faces. Recalling the Irish match at Twickenham, it did look as if Mr. Allan again had used his whistle pretty effectively.

Statistics, like photographs, can lie with imagination, but, even allowing for blind moments on the part of the faithful reporters, the figures talk—almost shout. In two matches, Mr. Allan has awarded a grand total of 39 penalty kicks, 23 of which have been against Ireland, and led to the scoring of 12 adverse points. Ireland, in turn, have taken 8 kicks against both England and Wales, and though their place-kickers were sadly in fault at Twickenham, they made up for it to some extent at Belfast. There they were lucky to the extent that James, the new Welsh full-back, missed a clear chance to place his side level in the matter of goals.

Those are the bare figures, and already I can hear the people who loathe such things asking: "But where does the hearty laugh come in?"

WELL, it's like this. Ireland, if only for the grand display of their seven forwards, fairly earned another memorable triumph—I do not suppose one of the thousands of Welsh trippers questioned that—but there was a blot on their play, all the same, and, unfortunately, even Mr. Allan did not spot it.

I refer to the way in which their backs, through over-keenness to mark down the elusive Cliff Jones and his fellows, frequently moved forward in line, well in front of the ball, while it still was in the scrummage. According to the rules, even one foot in front spells off-side in the case of a back; but the referee was so engrossed in his task of seeing that the scrum halves and their confederates in the pack did nothing too wicked, that he had no time for one of those quick glances over the shoulder which few but B. S. Cumberlege ever think of throwing.

At times, the advance of the spoilers was so rapid that Jones was in the toils before even his nimble wits and feet, let alone his hands, could do a thing. Sometimes, frankly, this was unfair. Not always, by any means, but sometimes, and Ireland were as lucky as a band of quite sufficiently harassed Welsh backs were unlucky that the drastic Mr. Allan never saw the fault.

THAT having been said—and, as I hope, the laugh explained, and now turned into an approving nod—little else remains to be said in favour of Wales, let alone criticism of a depleted Irish team. Without O'Connor, one was not entitled to expect too much of their back-play in attack, and if one excepted the efforts of Morgan, probably the best scrum half now playing, they did comparatively little—in attack.

Morgan himself, with the aid of an inexpert Welsh wheel almost on their own goal-line, "made" the try that J. Doyle—a new wing man and *not* the boxer—had the joy and honour of scoring in his first International match. The Welshmen lost the ball in their wheel, Morgan snatched it up, slipped round on the blind side, and sent Doyle over in a corner. It was a quick and clever manœuvre that might have beaten any half-unsighted defence.

Morgan evidently is a worthy follower of Mark Sugden, who had such a way with him that sometimes he positively walked over on the blind side of a scrummage, even through the English back-row specialists of the period. Once upon a time, Powell might have been there to stop both Morgan and Doyle, but at Belfast, as at Cardiff, he was a weary, muscle-bound old man, slaughtered to save the Welsh Selectors from a little clear thinking.

One refuses to criticise Powell for the Selectors' folly, though it was rather surprising that he did not realise before the penalty goals came that Mr. Allan holds strong views about the pace with which the ball may be inserted in the scrummage—legitimately strong, too, seeing that the law-makers recently emphasised the importance of "gently propelling" it there.

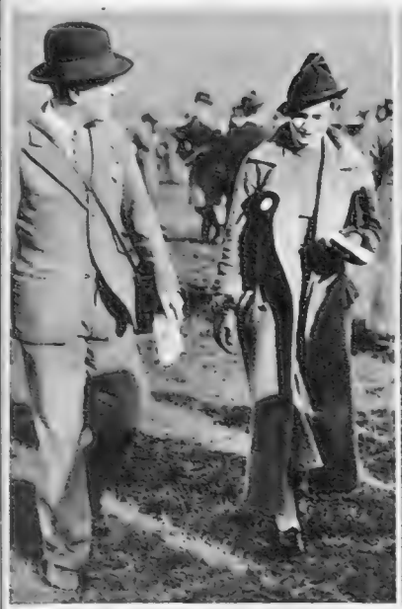
Nor was it entirely Powell's fault that the other backs made such a poor use of the chances that did come to them in the open. It may have been the occasion, or it may have been the intensive marking and heavy tackling, or it may have been the bitterly cold wind, or all four things, and others unnoticed besides, but the Welsh backs were unhappy from the start. They were never allowed to settle down, and only Wooller seemed to have the necessary pace and stride to beat the tacklers. And even Wooller was just got by the heels every time by Bailey, a glorious defender, whatever else he may be.

But for Bailey's remarkable recovery tackle, as it may be called, Wooller alone might have pulled Wales out of the fire—not that there was much fire about at Ravenhill on March 9th, unless it was among the forwards, who, between them, generated a good deal of heat. One may add that Wales had one more chance to save their bacon—if another kitchenish metaphor may serve—but Davey preferred a final dash to a pass out to an unmarked wing, and was punished by a bit of bad luck—the frustration of his attempt to ground the ball.

STILL, when all was said and done, it was another Irish forward triumph, and every kind of headgear should be doffed to a pack that played with such fire, resolution, purpose and stamina.

Cheltenham Comes Round Again

The National Hunt Meeting Had the Loveliest Weather



A first-day photograph of Lord Cowdray walking round with Lady Anne Bridgeman, who looks as good in country as in her London clothes

Lord Haddington going out on Major Ian Straker's Herode Bridge to ride in the National Hunt Steeplechase, which was won by Mr. J. H. Whitney's Rod and Gun

Miss Ruth Primrose, Lord Rosebery's niece, is talking to the Hon. Ronald Strutt, Lady Rosebery's eldest son, and Mr. Gurney

Lady Weymouth Dunn walked out watch one of the

Extreme left: Lord and Lady Delamere off to the paddock, she wearing a postman's hat decorated by a quill

Left: Capt. Stirling-Stuart talking to Mr. L. L. Firth, the starter

Above: Major Maurice Kingscote, Captain McDougall and Major "Fruity" Metcalfe had the serious faces of experts

Extreme left: Lady Penrhyn and Lady Jaffrey both had fur coats on, in case of the usual Cheltenham East wind

Left: Baron F. de Tuyll is with the good-looking Mrs. Hubert Hartigan

and Mr. Philip over the course to second-day races

Lady Ainsworth, who wore a very neat tweed suit for the big day, had her daughter, Miss Hope-Johnston, with her

Lord Ashley, who had a house-party staying with him for the meeting, is with the business-like Miss Monica Sheriffe

The Hon Mrs. Arthur Crichton, wearing a beige broadtail coat over her tweeds, is talking to Col. Giles Loder

Left: Major Guy Larnach Nevill, the Eridge M.F.H., is with his son, Mr. John Nevill, his son-in-law, the Hon. John Pepys, and his daughter, Mrs. John Pepys

Right: Miss Jill Cowan and Miss Donohue both wore check suits for the Wednesday racing

Below: a view of the crowded grandstands and the first fence, with Mr. E. H. Martin (11), who won the United Hunts Challenge Cup on his Cheerful Marcus, taking the jump in the middle of the bunch

"Clive of India": Ronald Colman as Clive, Loretta Young as His Wife

"Clive of India," the play that ran for so many months in London with Leslie Banks as the hero, has now been made into a film by 20th Century, and has its London première to-morrow at the Tivoli. Ronald Colman plays Robert Clive, with Loretta Young as Margaret Maskelyne, the girl who travelled half-across the world to marry him, having seen only his picture. In this photograph Clive and his bride are playing the charming scene when they first meet after her arrival in India. Richard Boleslawski directed the film, with Daryl Zanuck as the producer

JUSTICE UNROBED:

Our Judges At Home

No. 1. Lord Sankey, the Lord Chancellor

Lord Sankey in His Study

JOHN, 1ST. VISCOUNT SANKEY, became Lord Chancellor in circumstances almost, if not quite, unprecedented. The invariable sequence has always been barrister, K.C., M.P., Law Officer, Lord Chancellor; because the Lord Chancellor is not only head of the judiciary, but an essential member of the Cabinet. John Sankey never was a politician, and made his first appearance in Parliament as President of the House of Lords. A Judge at the age of forty-eight, he was appointed chairman of a Coal Mines Inquiry, and reported in favour of nationalisation of mines, thus becoming persona gratissima with the Labour Party. That is why, in 1929, he was raised from the Court of Appeal to the Woolsack. A large, solemn man, curiously deliberate in his movements, he is, paradoxically enough for a successful barrister, entirely lacking in readiness of speech, and always reads a speech of any importance. As chairman of a committee he is unequalled—his best work was as chairman of the Indian Federation Committee of the Round Table Conference—and the secret of it is his weighty but conciliatory manner. He spends much time and effort in promoting Anglo-Catholicism. Women say he needs a wife to quicken his movements; but there seems little likelihood of that. As a golfer, he is one of the worst ever; but there is no more delightful partner on the links

A Real Revue at Last

Illumination and Impudence. Hassard Short's Production of *Stop Press* at the Adelphi

Noel Coward Leaves New York

A sketch by Moss Hart, written with a vitriolic pen, showing what effect Noel's departure had on the staff of a New York hotel. Left to right: Phyllis Monkman, the housekeeper; Alice Burrage, the scrub-woman; Dorothy Dickson, the chambermaid; Edwin Styles as the waiter, and Laurence Anderson as the window-cleaner

"Lonely Heart Column"

Margaret Sande and Robert Helpmann in the above dance, in which the Hollywood Girls and London Boys also take part; while Gordon Little sings a song entitled "Lonely Heart"

"Her Easter Bonnet"

Dorothy Dickson as she appears in this duet with Gordon Little in "Easter Parade in Hyde Park, 1879," a final scene of extraordinary beauty

Greta Garbled

Kathryn Hamill in her brilliant impersonation of Greta Garbo in the sketch entitled "League of Decency Black-lists More Films," a sketch also written by Moss Hart

Air Service Is the Best Service

By Charles Ward

They fly at Heston. Right: Mr. Robin Brazil and Miss Marian Smith, who are learning on an Avro "Cadet." Below: the Misses Glass, both of whom are experienced pilots; and, bottom: Miss Rosemary Rees, a well-known dancer, with Miss Delia Crossley, daughter of Sir Kenneth Crossley, who also pilots his own 'plane

Photographs by Swaebe

Flying by Imperials

THE services maintained by Imperial Airways between London and the Continent rightly enjoy a greater popularity than any others. In the first place, their record of reliability extends over a period of nearly eleven years—the weather has to be pretty sticky for a service to be cancelled, and those occasional disappointed passengers can console themselves in the thought that they are much more comfortable awaiting the O.K. from the Met. Office. Forced landings due to trouble with the engines have become a thing of the past—all of the regular service liners have four engines, so that if one did get tired, the other three give ample power to complete the journey. Pullman car comfort is the standard that has been set—each liner carries two stewards, who produce eats and drinks at a sound of the bell, a push-button being fixed at the side of each seat. Next summer, the Brussels-Cologne service is to be extended to Leipzig, Prague, Vienna, and Budapest, the whole journey being scheduled for one day. Liners of the "Diana" class will be used, the same type, built by de Havillands, that are in service between Singapore and Brisbane and on some of the domestic routes over here. Distinguished travellers during the month have included the Prince of the Asturias and Sir John Simon, the latter a persistent patron for his frequent visits to Geneva and other Continental air centres.

The Air Calendar

THERE will be an Imperial service from Croydon for the Grand National on Friday week. The fare is £8 8s., including car transport at each end and admission to the reserved carriage enclosure on the course. By flying to Aintree one avoids that anti-climax which is the return journey by train. Those who have won can enjoy dinner at a reasonable hour in London, with a party to follow, whilst others who have lost can creep quietly away within a minimum of time. 'Planes leave Croydon at 9.45 a.m., and return from Speke, the airport of Liverpool, at 5 p.m. On the same night, March 29th, the Norfolk and Norwich Club holds its annual dinner in Norwich. The Club was one of the earliest to be formed, and is the leader of private flying in the Eastern Counties. The aerodrome at Norwich was a busy training centre during the war, and has been a testing ground for Boulton Paul aircraft ever since that company took up manufacture. At the moment, April seems to be singularly barren of events, except an important lecture on Commercial Aircraft, by Captain de Havilland. In May, we have Empire Air Day, to revive interest in May 25th, once upon a time the occasion for celebrating our possession of an Empire, and an original party to be given by the Household Brigade Flying Club on May 29th, when night flying will occur over Heston. I had forgotten the Royal Aeronautical Society's Garden Party, to be held on Sunday, May 5th. Mr. Fairey has kindly allowed the use of his aerodrome off the Great West Road for the occasion.

Speed and Yet More Speed

THERE must be a limit to speed, yet on the ground, in the air, on rails, and at sea, it is continually rising. Campbell, with his Rolls-Royce engine, Pratt's Ethyl, Castrol, and K.L.G. plugs, has raised the world's record on land to more than 276 miles an hour. Scott Paine has designed a motor-boat that will drive through a 70-mile-an-hour gale at sea, doing 33 knots. A British railway train has established a world's record speed, and in the air we have the fastest military 'planes, even though the Italians hold the supreme record and the Americans have us beat on the air routes. What limit must we set? For practical purposes on land and on the sea it has been reached already. Congestion on the roads must limit the speed of cars; the resistance of the water the speed of ships; the complications and expense of tracks the speed of trains; but in the air, speed may well rise to 500 miles an hour within the next twenty years. The prospect is such that there seems no doubt air travel will be universal, for the reason that it must remain the fastest and most simple method for getting about.

News from the Aerodromes

AT Hamble there are now thirty-one 'planes available for instruction, two further Avro Cadets having been added to bring the strength of this type up to fifteen. The school flew 509 hours last month, almost double the time for the same period last year. Accommodation is being increased, so that eighty students can live in. The operating companies find A.S.T. invaluable, particularly Imperial Airways, who send their pilots for refresher courses and training for navigators' licences, besides drawing a number of first officers from new students who qualify for that position. The Westgate Motor House Company has been appointed to manage the joint airport established by Gloucester and Cheltenham. The Company looks after the Cotswold Aero Club, which has recently been approved for an Air Ministry subsidy, with the result that the rate for instruction has been reduced to £2 an hour. Hanworth has been approved for blind-flying instruction, which will be in charge of Flight Lieutenant R. Duncanson. The B 2 Trainer with a hood on the port side is being used. The Hampshire Club, always near the top of the list in flying hours, now has its headquarters at Eastleigh, which is the municipal airport for Southampton. Five 'planes are available for members.

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Brighthelmston Down the Ages

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. OSBERT SITWELL and Miss Margaret Barton have collaborated on a full-length portrait of that strange city by the sea which nowadays we call Brighton. It is an altogether delightful piece of work, full of learning, of wit, of recondite quotations, of character-sketches, of history, and of illustrations. It is called, simply, *Brighton*, and the publishers are Messrs. Faber and Faber (15s.). The authors start with the escape of King Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester, in 1651, and end with the Coming of the Railway, in the 1830's. Naturally, the main interest lies in the Regency period, when Brighton was the centre of the fashion of England and of France, and the book is mostly concerned with a brilliant description of George and his circle. A long procession of famous men and women passes before us—Dr. Johnson, George Brummel as a soldier, Mrs. Fitzherbert, the old Duke of Queensberry, for whom there is a perennial interest, Sir John Lader and the Corinthians, Nash, the architect, and scores of others. As the authors rightly emphasise, the Regent was the first ruler of England since the days of Charles II. who preferred the company of wits to that of half-wits. Not only that, he was a genuine Patron of Art. The two Charles' and the Prince Consort have been the only others on, or near, the throne who took any interest in such things as architecture, town-planning, or painting,

The climax to the Regent's "reign" in Brighton was the building of the Royal Pavilion, and here again Mr. Sitwell and Miss Barton have wise words to say. It may be everything that has been said against it: that it is Saracenic in an English watering-place, and so on, but the important thing about it is that it is the product of a strongly individualistic character who was flatly determined not to be guided by precedent, convention, and rule-of-thumb. That is why the Pavilion has got a strong character of its own.

The Regent made Brighton unique, and unique it remains, although, perhaps, in a rather different way. But it was he who stamped it first and endowed it with a personality. Times have changed and the nature of Brighton's personality has changed too. But the town has never lost its personality, and that is more than can be said for a lot of places in these days of standardisation. Mr. Sitwell and Miss Barton have written an important and enthralling book.

MISS STELLA GIBBONS made great fame for herself with her two earlier novels. Her third, *Enbury Heath* (Longman's; 7s. 6d.), is not quite so good. It has, of course, many of the admirable qualities of Miss Gibbons' equipment. That is to say, the writing is brisk, full of snap, clear, and economical. The observation is shrewd, the descriptions adequate. But the trouble about it is that the main characters are so unpleasant. Three orphans, two brothers and a sister, set up housekeeping together in a cottage north of Hampstead. The girl is a prig, the two boys weak and stupid. The girl irritates them with her prudence and her caution; they annoy her by their silly spendthriftiness and their incessant pursuit of common young ladies. At last they get on each other's nerves to such an extent that they decide to part, and the book slides unobtrusively to an end. It is really a compliment to Miss Gibbons to be so critical of *Enbury Heath*, for so high a standard is expected of her after her other two novels. But it is impossible to take any real interest in this dismal trio, however neat and pungent is the way in which the writing is done. There are one or two minor characters in the book which are very well drawn, and they only serve to show up the unpleasantness of the central trio.

Tunbridge

James Laver, author of "Nymph Errant" and "Background for Venus," with Mrs. Laver and their two children, Patrick, aged three, and Brigid, seven weeks old. Mrs. Laver's professional name is Veronica Turleigh, and she is appearing in "Frolic Wind," at the Royalty Theatre

MISS A. R. CRAIG starts her book, *Dark Encounter* (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), in the comparatively unusual setting of Ecuador, and such originality is highly promising. Unfortunately, she transfers the scene at far too early a date to the vastly less unusual Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Surely it is time that our novelists laid off Russia for a bit. I am getting pretty tired of the Five Years' Plan, and stories about Passion in the dynamo-room and Love among the voltmeters. Magnitogorsk is, I am sure, a capital place, but it has had quite a long enough run by now, and it is high time that we got back to something a little different. Even a novel about Sussex, for instance, would be a welcome change, and I cannot put it more strongly than that. Miss Craig's hero is, like Stevenson's immortal, Ezra B. Thomas, a "wealthy manufacturer of rubber overshoes," and he has gone to Ecuador on business. There he meets Cornelia, a middle-aged woman of immense charm and vitality, a sort of cross between George Sand and Isadora Duncan. Cornelia is a very finely drawn character. She is really alive, a thing of flesh and blood. But Miss Craig, with a magnificent gesture, almost of arrogance, kills her off on page 91. Unfortunately, the near-arrogance is not justified, for the book dies with Cornelia. The other characters have not her vitality, and the real interest is dead. The hero marries Cornelia's daughter, and gets a job engineering in Russia (he had always hated the golosh business), and we are transported from romantic Ecuador to the voltmeters. The climax is an exciting piece of sabotage by a White agent, which destroys the power-station that the engineers have been building. *Dark Encounter* would have been a much better book if Cornelia had been left alive.

"ODD JOBS," by Miss Pearl Binder (Harrap; 8s. 6d.), is a collection of sketches and short stories about strange scenes and strange people in London. The book is faintly reminiscent of Paul Morand. Miss Binder evidently has a shrewd eye for the out-of-the-way. She has explored, for instance, that queer little phrenologist's shop in Ludgate Circus which millions pass every week and pause to glance idly at the diagrams and charts in the window; she has gone behind the scenes at Madame Tussaud's; she knows all about Alf Stewart, descendant of generations of showmen and himself a travelling promoter of boxing contests at big Fairs. Among the stories is a brilliant and hard description of a cosmopolitan demi-mondaine of the most expensive variety, and the life-story of a young bank clerk who threw up his safe job and his wife and family, to go to London and achieve fame as a poet. It is a grim tale of mental and moral decadence. Miss Binder has illustrated her book with strong, almost violent, lithographs. They are not my notion of beauty, but they are certainly very effective.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Packing for the week-end is a problem fraught with difficulties, as there must be something for every occasion. The ensemble pictured is ideal, as it is a Stefney model, made in soft wool jersey cloth. The three-quarter-length brown coat has becoming wide revers and cuffs, which are cleverly stitched. The dress is in the new shade of Marguerite Rose pink, with a spray design in broderie anglaise. It has a square neck and short cape sleeves, and is finished with a brown fancy buckle at the neck and waist. There are few occasions when this charming two-piece cannot be worn with success

It is difficult to believe that all three hats on this page are made of sackcloth, the material ordinarily used for sacks and upholstering chairs. They are one guinea, complete with scarf, and available in many lovely shades, including red, blue, orange and black, from Fenwick's, 63, New Bond Street

On the left is a picture-hat for cruising and summer wear in general. It is trimmed with a contrasting petersham ribbon, and has a shallow crown and sweeping brim which are very becoming. The model below has a stitched brim and crown; while the pom-poms at the side are in felt

Sackcloth For Spring

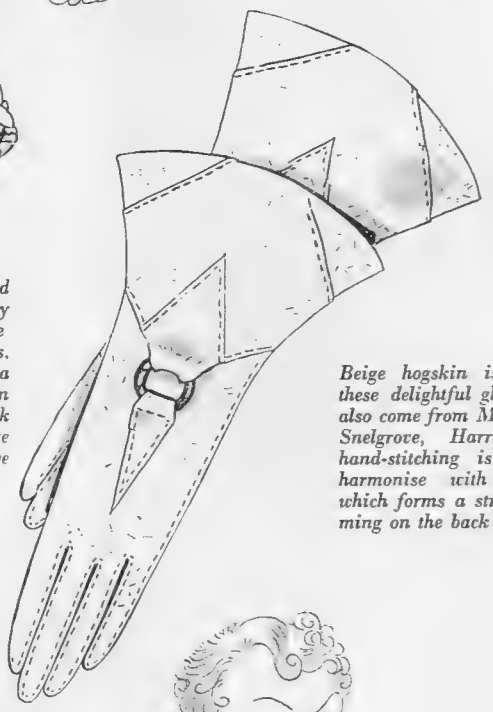
The forward movement is accentuated in the hat pictured above with the shovel brim. It is expressed in natural sackcloth trimmed with brown felt. The accompanying scarf is of the same material, with a brown felt monogram and vandyk stripes

Photographs by Lenare

THE BYSTANDER TWINS In search of

NOVELTIES

Here is something quite new and very original in the way of jewellery from Marshall and Snelgrove Harrogate. The bracelet, ear-rings, clip and ring are all made of a composition which has been carved and treated to look like old ivory. They are quite inexpensive and extremely effective



Beige hogskin is used for these delightful gloves, which also come from Marshall and Snelgrove, Harrogate. The hand-stitching is brown, to harmonise with the ring, which forms a striking trimming on the back of the hand

This beautiful fan has been designed for their Majesties' Courts, and may be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge. It is made of pale pink ostrich feathers, which form a charming background for the flowers, which are also expressed in feathers

For sports and country wear there is nothing so useful as a really smart felt hat which may be worn in several different ways. Illustrated are two views of the same hat, which is known as the "Whaddon" adaptable felt. It is obtainable practically everywhere, in a variety of attractive colours

This jumper is a study in dusty pink and navy blue, and may be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove, Harrogate. It is hand-knitted in soft, fine wool, with an amusing tree design. The trimming at the neck, cuffs and hem is suggestive of ostrich feathers, though actually it is dark-blue wool

Mrs. G. Carbutt, who as Miss Ann de Montmorency was also a well-known golfer, and Mrs. O'Neill Butler

Mrs. L. Martin and the Hon. Mrs. Anson going to the first tee at Wentworth

W.A.S.A. "Fairway and Hazard" Meeting

Above: Miss Beryl Pockett, a most promising young player, who tied with Miss Uhtohoff, and Miss Horrell

Top, left: Miss Gregson and Miss Ashbery waiting to drive off

Women's Golf:

Well Chosen

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

FOR once in a while, the W.A.S.A. Open Meeting, organised by *Fairway and Hazard* at Wentworth, is not the most important item of news for the week in which it was played. That, to my mind, is supplied by the news of who is to be Captain-Manager of the team which will tour the Antipodes later in the year. The answer is Mrs. Philip Hodson, Lancashire's captain, one of their representatives on the L.G.U. Council, an ex-Chairman of the Executive, Acting-Captain when Great Britain played France over here two years ago. I wonder how many more cut-and-dried qualifications you need? After all, no amount of telling can convey just how entirely Mrs. Hodson is the right person for the job, and those who know her need none.

But I feel it matters most enormously that the team should be in the hands of someone not only so capable, but so charming. I don't mean only for their sakes, though that is important enough, but also for the sake of the countries visited, which, in turn, means that of the country here. It is not everybody who can combine tact with decision, nor be dignified without a trace of over-importance; who knows exactly when to let out glimpses of a very real sense of humour, and when to be all seriousness. The whole of Britain's women golfers will be judged by those who go out from here, and not a little by their official mouthpiece; it is good to think how delightfully Mrs. Hodson can speak.

THINGS are really beginning to wake up in the golfing world, although snow, at the moment of writing, makes one wonder whether the first big event will have to be postponed—as has happened before now—or played under extraordinarily bitter conditions. That will be a hard fate if it overtakes the Ladies' London Foursomes, and will give folk in it just cause to envy the luckier mortals who were at Wentworth the other day for the W.A.S.A., when the weather was simply perfect. Not so the golf, or, at least, the putting, of the majority, for the ball lay close through the fairway, and the greens were so fast compared with the usual run of winter greens, that most people came in with long faces and tales of three-putting. (To three-putt, as no doubt you have noted, is now an accepted verb. Literary purists may not like it, any more than golfers like the doing of it, but there it is.)

I AM so glad that the season has opened well for Miss Pam Barton; it shows her last year's brilliance was no flash in the pan, that the disasters which overtook her in America were inspiring and not depressing. A 76 and the scratch prize, and first for the handicap challenge trophy was no bad start to 1935, and her golf was really good. Miss Uhtohoff took second scratch prize with 80, after a tie with Miss Beryl Pockett, that young Sussex-ite who may easily come well into the foreground before long. Mrs. Peel, Surrey's new captain, and Miss Dobson, from Brocton Hall, achieved 81 apiece. The bronze division did uncommonly well, too, for Mrs. Bartlett won the scratch with 97, and headed the handicap with 74 net.

MISS DIANA FISHWICK'S team, though no longer worried by the dreadful title under which they played Cambridge a few weeks ago, could not stand up to Oxford University at Beaconsfield. Pennink, in particular, was in great form. Beaconsfield, of course, is one of those places where you often get summer conditions while others are still muddy, but even so, to start back as he did—4, 2, 3, 3—seemed to me a bit inhuman, and quite sufficient reason for his winning from Miss Enid Wilson. Miss Fishwick herself and Miss Isabella Rieben were, in fact, the only winners for their side in either foursomes or singles, although they were receiving six strokes apiece. Dear, dear!

A CORRESPONDENT has set me this topic: Why do we play off L.G.U. tees for all our competitions and get our handicaps from them, and then, when a championship comes along, either play it on a men's course, or go back on women's tees?

My correspondent says that her own opinion is that "it is done because championships are played off scratch, not handicap, but ladies' tees have to be fixed for the average members of a club, otherwise there would be dreadful grumblings if the average member were always in trouble off her tee shot. Most courses are laid out for men, and the ladies have to put their tees accordingly."

My correspondent has really provided her own answer: it is the average player who must be considered by a club committee when fixing tees; the best players are studied when there is a championship on hand. All the same, I feel that clubs would often improve their standard of their women if they would have tees which give those average players a little more than they can carry with ease; they would soon learn to be longer, and until they strive for it, they will certainly learn nothing. On the other hand, I equally feel that championships are often played from far too long tees, which spoil the character of the holes and do not give the chance to the best and longest players. Holes which are anybody's fives and nobody's fours do not make for just results, and there are certain courses where the L.G.U. tees provide a far better test of the best women than their men's tees can possibly do. If championship tees were to go a trifle forward, and L.G.U. tees a trifle back, I think it would be for the good of all concerned.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

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SMART CLOTHES IN THE NEW JERSEY FABRICS

PRACTICAL CARDIGAN SUIT, equally becoming to slim or full figures, in soft Jersey fabric with cross-over vest in contrasting shades. Brown, beige, navy, reseda, wine and black PRICE **98/6**

A SMART THREE-PIECE SUIT in the new Bramble Wool with a most becoming Jumper in a contrasting colour. In a large selection of fashionable colours. PRICE complete **6½** gns.

ATTRACTIVE FROCK made in soft Jersey material; the gathered jabot effect gives softness without suggesting fullness. Made in all latest fashionable colourings. PRICE **7½** gns.

KNIT-WEAR DEPARTMENT
(GROUND FLOOR)

REGENT ST., JAY'S Ltd LONDON, W.1

Golf Clubs at Home: Droitwich Spa

(1) F. W. E. Sharples (captain). (2) H. T. Fairclough (vice-captain) and A. Barton. (3) H. Walker (secretary) and G.H.Cox. (4) J.B. Jenkins and E. G. Morley. (5) K. Abrahams and R. Ledsam. (6) T. Styles and C. B. Parker. (7) Stuart B. Ramsay, A. Conan-Davies and A. W. Speed. (8) N. E. Lane (committeeman) and J. W. Wilkinson. (9) D. O. Heath (assistant professional) and W. Dean (professional). (10) J. Batchelor, Charles Fellows and Allan Birtles

Lafayette

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The New E. G. U. President

N. C. Selway and J. S. F. Morrison, author of the article on this page, two members of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, who drew their match against Cambridge at the Royal Worlington Club

W. Ashford and W. R. Jarvis (the King's trainer) walking to the first hole at the Links Golf Club, on Newmarket Heath

Sir George Bullough, Bart., a noted owner, starting off on a round at the Links Golf Club, Newmarket Heath

I REGRET to inform anyone who wishes to enter for the BYSTANDER £500 Golf Trophy Meeting and has not already done so, that there is no chance of his being included in the list of competitors, as we had a fortnight ago accepted eighty entries, and have over thirty names on the waiting list; some of the latter are certain to obtain places, as there always are scratchings at the last moment owing to circumstances which the competitor concerned could not foretell. I particularly ask all competitors to be on the tee before their actual starting time, as, if there is any delay, the late starters may have difficulty in finishing their matches before dark; it must be remembered that in all probability some matches will go beyond eighteen holes before a result is arrived at.

HIS many golfing friends, both young and old, in this country and abroad, will be pleased to see that R. H. de Montmorency has been elected President of the English Golf Union. Many good judges of the game consider de Montmorency, who is also President of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, the best player who has never won our Amateur Championship; he was unable to enter, as this championship takes place during the summer term, and consequently it was not possible for him to leave his scholastic duties at Eton, although, when there was a proper match, England v. Scotland, on the Saturday before the championship, he managed on several occasions to get away from his work to play. De Montmorency played for the first time in the Amateur Championship when he was about fifty-five years old. I was watching this championship with a Scotsman, a noted wag, who remarked: "For a man playing in his first championship, Montie does not appear very nervous." I do not know of any other case of a man playing for England before he has played in a championship.

De Montmorency is still a force to be reckoned with on the golf course; last year he got through four rounds in the English Championship, and won twice at the twentieth hole, when, by rights, he should have been tiring. Alas! the exertions of this strenuous play told their tale, and he was ordered a rest and no golf for several weeks, on his return from Formby, by his doctor; however, he is now again in the good health which is necessary to carry on the duties of President of the English Golf Union for the coming season. There have been other Presidents of the English Golf Union who were players of championship class while holding office—namely, Sir E. W. E. Holderness, F. S. Bond, P. Clough, and the Rev. W. H. Foster Pegg.

MISS DIANA FISHWICK has lately collected two strong ladies' teams to play against Oxford and Cambridge Universities; she played ten-a-side against Cambridge, and started with four players who have won championships; and eight-a-side against Oxford, when all her team except one had won championships. The result in both encounters was a severe defeat for the ladies, who received six strokes and only recorded two successes in each match. It will be pleasing, however, to admirers of beauty to note that the prettiest girl playing recorded a win against both Cambridge and Oxford. If a course is stretched to its full length, I do not think that six strokes is a sufficient handicap for ladies playing v. men. In the Ladies v. Men match at Stoke Poges, where the ladies receive nine strokes, the ladies have seldom won, and their only convincing win was when the course was so heavy that even the men could not get home at the long two-shot holes. I have always been of the opinion that to obtain a close finish a good man should give a good lady six strokes and allow her to play from the ladies' tees. In handicapping these matches you cannot legislate for the exceptionally good players, like Miss Wethered and Miss Wilson; they are the exception that proves the rule.

K. C. FYFE, who captained Scotland v. Wales at Rugby football at Cardiff one day and played golf for Cambridge University at Wentworth the next day, has the makings of a very good golfer. I played against him last week-end at Mildenhall, and was very impressed; at present his knowledge of the game is not great, but he has lately been coached by James Sherlock, and has certainly added to his knowledge; he hits the ball a very long way and very straight and strikes the ball truly and accurately on the greens; he drove the ninth green at Mildenhall a distance of 300 yards through damp air. The phenomenally long drives recorded in summer are due not only to the hard ground but also to the dry atmosphere, a fact many people do not realise. Fyfe has not got his place in the Cambridge team this year, but as a reserve will play in the dinner match with P. A. Carter against the Oxford reserves; this match decides which team shall have the honour of entertaining its opponents at dinner after the match.

WE have lately heard many discussions and read numerous articles on not taking divots and other methods to assist the poor greenkeepers, and those who are responsible for the maintenance of golf courses in good order. Some golfers, unfortunately, are most selfish and inconsiderate, and this remark also applies to members of golf galleries, who nearly always imagine the players they are watching are the only players to be considered, and continually cause annoyance and inconvenience to those playing behind by standing and talking at the entrance of a green to which the following players are waiting to approach. To play immediately behind a large gallery, especially in stroke play, is a great disadvantage, and I think players in this position should be assisted by the committee in charge of the competitions by being given fore caddies or some other means. The course is prepared in good order for the day's play by the green staff, but everywhere you go you find some inconsiderate player has failed to smooth over his footprints in bunkers, or to press down his pitch marks on the green, or has allowed his caddy to damage the edge of the hole and failed to repair it. We expect to find the bunkers and greens in good order, so let us make it our business to see that they are in good order when we leave them.

Oxford University Athletics

R. S. O. Stevens (Oldbury and St. Catherine's) winning the quarter-mile final from E. F. Drake (Rutger's University, U.S.A., and Brasenose).

A Coming-of-Age Gift

Miss Ann Milvain returning thanks for a twenty-first birthday gift, a diamond evening wrist-watch, presented to her by the followers and friends of Colonel Milvain's Foxhounds, when a meet took place at Twizell House, North Northumberland, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Maling, who are seen on the extreme right. Colonel Milvain is standing in front, and on the left is Mr. W. Green, who made the presentation

Badminton Finals

Mrs. H. S. Uber, who beat Mrs. R. J. Teague (right) in the final of the Ladies' Singles Championships at the Royal Horticultural Hall, and thus secured the title for the first time

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

THE modified form of murder which we saw in Hamburg the other day is still being talked about wherever boxing men gather together. Truth is, Max Schmeling, the former canvasser for advertisements, smashed Steve Hamas, the young American heavy-weight, right out of the world's championship argument. There were no half-measures about it; Schmeling won just as he pleased.

Straightway, I must say that the most surprising sidelight on this contest was the way Hamas shaped. If he is ranked second in the United States, then the boxing stock across the Atlantic cannot be too good. Charlie Harvey, the very likeable fellow who manages Hamas, said that the American fighter was out of form. Yet, whatever he looks like in his other fights, I am certain of one thing: if Hamas repeated his performance in the Hamburg ring in a bout with Jack Petersen—well, he wouldn't stand a chance of winning!

Against the big, strong, and very much improved German heavy-weight, Hamas looked raw and inexperienced. He had no real defence for Schmeling's chopping right-hand punch. The German has always been noted for his good work with his right; now, it seems, he has improved this, his chief weapon of offence. Anyhow, against Hamas he landed frequently with a short punch which, I am certain, never travelled more than six inches. Crash! every blow went to shake Hamas further towards defeat.

A. G. K. Brown

The Cambridge Freshman, public-school half-mile champion in 1932-3-4, who has lowered the undergraduates' ground record for the quarter-mile and half, the latter standing since 1906. This old Warwick boy appears to have a brilliant athletic future before him

AND now, of course, we are waiting to hear just what are Schmeling's plans for the future. There is a heavy-weight battle with Max Baer waiting for him. What a fight this promises to be!

I heard from an American sporting journalist the other day that we in this country must not be misled by Baer's habit of boasting about himself. With it all, I am assured, Baer is a cool, calculating sort of customer; and, despite all his clowning, he is a real champion. Not a champion in the tradition, maybe—there is little dignity about this wisecracking, slapstick fellow—but, for all that, a splendidly fit fighter.

(Continued on page ii)

COCKTAIL CONFESSIONS

BY APPOINTMENT TO H R H THE PRINCE OF WALES

Lady Bridgett Poulett

greets her guests with a Bronx...

.....but it's got to be very carefully made" she adds.....

RECIPE: BRONX
Juice of quarter of an orange
¼ French Vermouth
¼ Martini Vermouth
½ Gordon's Dry Gin

Cocktails are, of course, a matter of taste — but good taste depends on good gin. That's why a cocktail made with Gordon's *always* tastes good, whether it's a White Lady or a Black Devil. Lady Bridgett Poulett says: "A well-known barman once told me that one should use nothing but Gordon's in a cocktail — because it never 'comes through' or spoils the balance of the drink" This is an important point and is due to the fact that Gordon's Gin is rectified to finality. This accounts for its world-wide reputation as the "Heart of a Good Cocktail."

Gordon's Gin

for Cocktails

STANDS SUPREME!

Rugby Clubs at Home: University College School Old Boys, at Sion Lane

Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

W. Lloyd-Taylor (Team Secretary)

Brian Sutcliffe (Hon. Treasurer)

Harold Hewitt

Tom Rowney

G. H. Loxdale

G. M. Winterbottom

John Turnbull

R. A. Amlot

Bill Wilsdon (Captain)

R. Almenrader

Eric Parkes

LONDON NIGHTS

Dance, Dinner and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

Red-Letter Days at Grosvenor House

March 29th is a gala night in honour of the Grand National. April 6th will see a special evening because Oxford or Cambridge won the Boat Race earlier in the day. And on April 11th the new Monte Carlo Follies arrive and make their London break

The Dorchester

MARCH has been a quiet month in London as far as restaurant night-life is concerned; private dances and one or two big charity affairs seem to have drawn off the crowds for the moment. However, with two new shows starting in Park Lane, and everyone back in London for a pre-Easter run round, the next few weeks are likely to be busy.

The new Dorchester cabaret, which opened last night, is a return to original form, with girls as its mainstay. There are twelve of them, and they are called the Le Roy Prinz Hollywood Beauties, and are very gay and lively, and, incidentally, are also charming the stalls and gallery in *Stop Press*, at the Adelphi. No doubt all the men, young and old, who doted on Les Girls way back in 1933 will have their tables booked once more, to watch the Prinz legs twinkling over the raised floor to Jack Jackson's rhythms.

The next most popular number on the programme will probably be the Three Sailors, who do the sort of knockabout stuff everyone adores; they are England's most entertaining loan from America. Beverley and Billie Bemis are very young newcomers from Hollywood, only sixteen and seventeen, but they 've already had a big success in the film *College Rhythm* as a dancing team. Charles Collins and Margaret Sande, who also appear in *Stop Press*, move over to do their bit at the Dorchester at supper time.

Grosvenor House

THE new Monte Carlo Follies aren't due here till April 11th, so there are still three weeks in which to see the present cabaret. It 's had a good run, and been a great success, especially those perfect clowns, the Arnaut Brothers, and the ballroom dancers, Gomez and Winona. The girls themselves have begun to look as if they didn't altogether agree that London is " the gayest capital in Europe "—but we all have our moods. Anyway, they 'll be their bright selves for the two galas that take place before their departure. One of these is on Grand National night, March 29, which is also the night of the second Court; and the other is after the Boat Race, on April 6th. On both these dates there 's going to be something called " a surprise item of actualities "; nobody is allowed to know more about the mystery than just that.

" Les Jubilee Girls " are coming from Monte Carlo via Paris; they have had a grand season at the Sporting Club, and if they don't repeat their success here, something will be wrong with London. One or two of them, like Yvonne Grey and Nancy Lyon, are ravishingly blonde. They are apparently going to wear the most startling clothes, too; their wardrobes shelter some two hundred creations, though we imagine some of these don't take up much room. The stars of the show include Mack and Lavalliere, who have just knocked each other about on Broadway for a month or two, to storms of applause; and the Four Marvels, a whirlwind dancing quartet.

The Carlton

PREPARE for a shock, old sentimentalists! The Carlton Restaurant is going to be redecorated. The pink carpet is going, the pink chairs are going, but so are not, we are relieved to hear, the chandeliers, nor all of the gilt. The Palm Court is

300 years tradition

IT is an art three hundred years old, the roasting and blending of coffee in the traditional Viennese manner.

To-day English hostesses are learning that it adds distinction to their table to serve the favourite coffee of Imperial Vienna. They realise too well that all their careful planning, the choicest wines, the rarest of liqueurs, and all the grace and loveliness of the setting are wasted unless their coffee carries the same high note of luxury and tradition.

Blue Danube is a true Viennese coffee, roasted and blended as the Viennese learnt when coffee first came to Europe from the East. It is stocked by all the best grocers, including, THE ARMY AND NAVY, FORTNUM AND MASON, HARRODS, ROBERT JACKSON, SELFRIDGES, etc.

BLUE DANUBE "Viennese Coffee"

being closed this week for work to start there, and the restaurant goes into retirement over Easter. The colour it 's going to be painted is quite perfect—a delicate, fastidious green, and the room, which is, anyway, beautifully proportioned, ought to be one of the most attractive in London when it 's finished. Now that it 's going, we may confess that the present scheme did always seem rather reminiscent of satin-clad, be-pearled dowagers of the Edwardian era; impossible to feel modern in its presence, though that was really one of its charms.

Anyway, after Easter there 'll be dancing and cabaret here every night, instead of only on Tuesdays. Captain Covell has been abroad, and has come back with a Monte Carlo sunburnt face, and two good ideas up his sleeve for turns that no one has seen in London before.

In the meantime, the Tuesday nights continue; John Tilley was there the other evening, saying one of his vague pieces at midnight.

And in the hotel, Mr. Duchene, the manager, has been having a fine time re-decorating and re-furbishing no fewer than thirty bath-rooms. He said it was hard work, but he had the look of a man who enjoyed it.

Bon Viveur

SPRING has already come to Chapel Street; the outside of the Bon Viveur is gay with daffodils, and inside, when the windows are open at lunch time (weather permitting), the atmosphere is very Mi-Carême and sunny.

John Tilley

A sketch of London's most delightful buffoon addressing a shareholders' meeting, at the Carlton, where he appeared as the evening's star cabaret turn last week

The new green carpet adds to the vernal illusion.

The little Club is quite one of the best places for party-giving, as a number of its members have long since realised. Mr. Charlie Birkin's apache party has already been much discussed; he had about a hundred and forty guests, so the place was as full as it can be. Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton had a party not long after they arrived back in London as a married couple. And the Marquis de Casa Maury, most regular of Bon Viveur regulars, was host for a gathering to celebrate the recent Curzon Cinema anniversary.

Film and stage visitors to London always drift in here sooner or later. Margaret Sullavan, who has a most charming off-the-screen face, came here with her husband almost as soon as she arrived in England; and some of the more discerning of the *Stop Press* beauties have found their way from the Strand for supper after their show.

The intimacy and friendly atmosphere of the place is a great deal due to Davico's own personality as a restaurateur. He has a grand flair for picking from the menu the exact dish one was searching for but would probably not have thought of for oneself. The quiet little band that plays in the gallery is in the Riviera boîte style, and gets a nice sentimentality into its dance tunes.

Villa Rodet

IN Jermyn Street, where the Villa Rodet shows its vaguely eighteenth-century face, and offers the best Russian

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Matelots et Apaches au Bon Viveur

A sketch by Molly Bishop made during Mr. Charlie Birkin's apache party at the Bon Viveur the other day. In front are Mr. John Hallett and Miss Connie Dawes, Miss Bishop herself (drawn for a bet), and Lord Poulett, with candles in bottles to light their table. The dancing couples are Mr. and Lady Veronica Hornby, Lady Caroline Paget and the Hon. David Herbert, and Miss Pat Charles (wearing a blonde wig) with Mr. Robin Wilson

food this side of the Channel, a brisk trade has been doing. The vagaries of that temperamental and inconstant breed, the white-tied supper-eater, are less felt here, since there 's no need to dress up, unless one feels like it. The ex-King and Queen of Siam have been here once or twice lately, both before and after the abdication, and also the two Princes, the Queen's brothers. Russians, like Baron Pilar and Count de Kurowski, are here often. Mrs. Halliburton-Wilson, who is well known as a hostess, gave one of her parties at the Villa Rodet the other day.

Mark Yaravoy, the chef, who creates the Slav dishes, served his apprenticeship in some famous Russian kitchens before he became, and remained for many years, personal chef to Admiral Zavoyko. Specialities of his to remember are the Chaslick Karsky, the best known of the Villa Rodet dishes, Rossolnick, and Côtelette Kievsky.

It is also worth remembering that the vodka is excellent—a special importation of the house ; that Szamorodber 1925 and Ansbruch 1924 are among the best vintage wines in the Hungarian Tokay section of the cellar ; that Tuesday is extension night, with an augmented

Trapani, of the Café de la Paix

Giulio Trapani is the general manager of the Café de la Paix—a genial person, he is seldom seen without his smile

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cabaret; and that one can dine here on Sundays, between eight and twelve. This week Colleen Clifford, who sings and impersonates, appears at midnight.

Veerasawmy's Indian Restaurant

THIS was reopened a fortnight ago in the same corner of Swallow Street as it used to fill, but on a lower level—it is now under the Café de la Paix, where the Windsor Grill was up to the time of the re-opening.

Nearly all the old Veerasawmy's staff have been re-engaged, and Indian cooks to prepare and Indian khitmutgars to serve the food restore the identical atmosphere of a year or two back. Mahommed Basseer, the manager, is there again, and so is de Silva, the wine expert, who came to England first with the late Governor-General of Ceylon, Sir West Ridgeway, and who has served five Maharajas—Alwar, Baroda, Burdwan, Rajpipla, and Rutlam—in his day. Chatterji and Ali, from Calcutta, and Ranchov, an expert in Parsee dishes, are other familiars.

Gandhi went to the old Veerasawmy's when he was in London three years ago, and caused a terrific traffic block in Regent Street by doing so. Nearly every other famous visitor from India has eaten his native food here at one time or another, and any of them might have found himself a lunch neighbour of Ramsay MacDonald, Lord Sankey, Lord Desborough (who was there last week), Charlie Chaplin, Victor Maclaglen, Boris Karloff or Gracie Fields, if he 'd chosen the right day.

This is one of the places that most Jubilee visitors from overseas will go to while they are here; it has a world-wide reputation. And there are plenty of fiery curry-eaters in London who 'll be glad to have their old haunt open to them again.

The Kensington Wine Lodge

SOUTH KENSINGTON'S new sherry bar is establishing itself in the consciousness of the 1935 inhabitants of the district as rapidly as their flats and cottage-houses are transforming the local landscape. It—the Wine Lodge—has a discreet and well-designed exterior (in Pelham Street), and within, in a leisurely, mellow atmosphere, one can sit over one's before-dinner drink very happily.

But all that, though important, is by the way. One comes here for sherry, and sherries one can have, really fine wines, shipped direct from the best bodegas in Spain, stored in oaken casks, drawn off through porcelain, and served in English crystal glasses (it 's a ritual). The Amontillado, pale and dry, is the most popular, apparently, but the whole range of lovely names is here, from the very dry Manzanella, through Amoroso, Oloroso, Montilla, and a "rich old Brown," to the speciality of the house, Emberson's Mayfair Cream, to be named only in the reverent tones due to very great age.

Mr. Emberson, the proprietor, has made a life-long study of sherry and the art of selection, both from the connoisseur's and the general public's point of view. He comes from a family that has been connected with the wine trade for over half a century, and the other wines on the Lodge's list bear witness to the wideness of his knowledge.

To his instinct for the mood of the moment, the electric grill in one corner of the sherry bar equally bears witness; sandwiches, hors d'œuvre, salads and cheese are served, as well as the hot grill dishes.

E. L.

Mr. F. Emberson

A sketch of the proprietor of the Kensington Wine Bar passing judgment on a new wine; he's an expert on most kinds of alcohol, but his speciality is sherry, about which he knows everything

Mark Yaravoy of the Villa Rodet

Yaravoy is the Russian chef at the Villa Rodet. He appears in public whenever anyone orders Chaslick, a speciality that must be conducted into the restaurant by the great man himself

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Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 526)

We have heard how Baer went along to night-clubs before he met Primo Carnera when the Italian held the world's championship. Well, I am told that that story was put around by the "wise guys"—or, as we would put it, less picturesquely, the professional betting men. What happened? Most people imagined that Baer could not be in good condition for a big fight. So the cash was put on Carnera. The "wise guys" were on Baer to the limit.

Then came the fight. Baer was wonderfully fit. And, as one of the very delightful characters in *Young England* has put it, health and exercise will always triumph over vice and cocktails!

And now let us get nearer home, with a thought for the Football Association's happy idea to get all the national sports bodies to co-operate with them in staging a big festival to mark the King's Silver Jubilee. The "Soccer" mandarins have called a conference, which is to be held in London on March 22nd, and at which all the big sports authorities will be represented.

The idea, I gather, is for one day to be set aside as a huge carnival of games—"Soccer," Rugby, cricket, lawn tennis, swimming, hockey, and the rest. There has even been a suggestion that May 6th would be the best day for the festival, though here, perhaps, our very good friend, Mr. Jeff Dickson, may not be in complete agreement. For the promoter has a big fight fixed for May 6th at the White City.

Still, it is very certain that the Football Association's proposals will be carried out. We may see, for instance, a "Soccer" match between the League champions and the Cup winners; or, better still, a game between the English champions and the Scottish title-holders. A great draw, this.

And so through our national sports. Lawn tennis at Wimbledon, cricket at Lord's (why not stage an early trial match, in view of the South Africans' visit here?), hockey down at Beckenham, boxing at the White City or Wembley, and—but there, the suggestions to make this festival one of the greatest ever are limitless.

This, though, is looking rather ahead. Let's get down to more immediate things. First there is the battle for the Cup. By this time, we know just who's who at Wembley. Well, so far it has been a great contest, and there is every reason to believe that the Final next month will be up to standard.

Nothing has pleased me more than to see Bolton Wanderers' brilliant run both in the Cup and the Second Division promotion race. They have gone along playing real football. In Westwood, Milsom and Eastham they have the best lot of inside forwards in the land—real schemers, with just that genius for knowing when to hold and when to part with the ball. Wherever they have gone during the present campaign, Bolton have drawn the crowds. Indeed, I am told that they are regarded as the real money-spinners by other clubs in the Second Division. Of their star players, the fair-haired Eastham is, I believe, shaping uncommonly like a super-footballer. Just now, perhaps, he is inclined to over-elaborate his work, but as he gains in experience he should become a player in the James class—and that is saying a lot! As for Westwood, he impresses by his death-or-glory dashes through the middle, with a raking run which spreadeagles the best of defences. And Milsom, though overshadowed by his colleagues, is a useful sort of centre-forward, with a powerful shot in either foot.

Now I must say a word or so about ice-hockey, the fastest sport ever. More and more these days the game is capturing the imagination of the crowd. Indeed, there have been thousands of people turned away from every one of England's matches against Canada.

I trust that, with the growth of the game, those behind the sport will do something to improve the standard of play among Englishmen. At present, the home player is not in the same class as the Canadian "importations," and he never will be if he does not get a chance.

We can, at this stage in the development of ice-hockey in this country, put up with seeing a bunch of Canadians labelled as "England," but we are not likely to relish this representation for all time. No; ice-hockey's officials must see to it that promising young English performers are brought along so that this country can, in course of time, field a full representative side. "Englishmen for England" must be the slogan of ice-hockey.

THE DRESS OF THE WEEK

A dress for the Débutante in Berquet Voile with shaped belt to match in the following two-tone colourings—Red/White, Lupine/White, Navy/White, Green/White, Black/White. Hip sizes: 38. 40 and 42.
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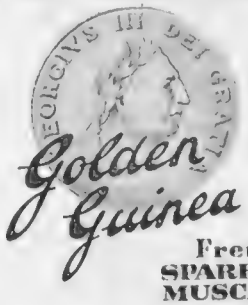

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Modern Aids to Beauty

Many are the delightful toilet preparations which bear the name of Bronnley and are obtainable practically everywhere. Some are endowed with the fragrance of English Fern, which is characteristic of the English countryside

English Fern Soap

WOMEN have become so accustomed to cleaning their faces with creams that they are inclined to disregard the importance of soap. First of all, let it be understood that really good, super-fatted soap is absolutely harmless to the skin, provided it is used in conjunction with soft water. This is very important, as hard water causes a rough skin, with enlarged pores. So many people, however, are disposed to think that soap should only be used on the hands and body, and forget that there are occasions when the complexion is so clogged with dirt that cream alone is not enough. This is the case, for instance, after a journey on the Continent, when coal-dust blows into the carriage, even though the windows are shut. Bronnley's are the manufacturers of some of the finest soap in the world, including a special beauty soap called English Fern. This, like all their soap, is triple-milled and super-fatted, which means that it is unusually fine in texture and contains nourishing properties. Its delicate fragrance suggests the country lanes in the West Country on a summer evening, when twilight is falling and the air is filled with the scent of ferns and bracken. In larger tablets, this soap is excellent for the bath, and should be used in conjunction with English Fern Bath Essence. A few drops of this highly concentrated essence will soften and perfume the water, thereby increasing the joys of a bath.

The Time-Honoured Lemon

THE use of lemons for cleansing and bleaching the skin is an old custom which has survived many generations. In Bronnley's Lemon Cream, all the bleaching and revitalising elements contained in lemons have been incorporated with the nourishing properties of a good skin food, with the result that the complexion is whitened and nourished at the same time. At this time of year, so many people's faces assume a grey tinge, which makes them look several years older. In order to banish this, Bronnley's Lemon Cream should be applied at night after washing. Gentle massage with the fingertips will cause the cream to sink right into the pores, thus nourishing the tissues and strengthening dormant muscles. Very soon all trace of greyness will vanish, leaving the complexion clear and firm. In the morning, Bronnley's Day Cream should be smoothed on as a powder foundation.

Youthful Hands

HANDS, more than anything else, show the passing of years. No doubt it is because they are always in use, but, apart from this, people never expend the same care and attention on their hands that they do on their complexions. Among the many excellent toiletries manufactured by Bronnley's, Ess Viotto for the hands stands on a plane apart. A few drops rubbed into the hands after washing will keep them soft and white and prevent them from becoming either chapped or wrinkled.

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N.C.C. 277.B

A Racing Reverie *(Continued from page 506)*

THIS Frenchman is the most improved 'chaser in training, and by winning, as he did, under his penalty, proved the handicapper to be fully a stone out in his reckoning.

IN the last race of the day, I was once again given a certainty, and once again it won—people are funny that way when they know you 're not betting. Its name was Dracula, and I understand that it had been by no means fortunate in its essays to win a race during my absence. It won by the length of a street for one of 'chasing's greatest patrons, Mr. Vivian Smith.

THE National Hunt, on the second day, provided a glorious race, half a dozen horses having chances three fences from home. I always hope this race will be won by some keen hunting man riding a horse he has hunted regularly with his own pack; but failing this, I like to see the winner owned by a lavish patron of 'chasing.

MR. JOCK WHITNEY has spent thousands on 'chasing, and I was delighted to congratulate him on the success of Rod and Gun. Mr. Holland Martin rode like a demon on a very genuine hunter in Evasio Mon, but the winner had too much speed for him from the last fence.

ROD AND GUN was beautifully ridden by Jack Anthony's nephew, Mr. Howell Jones, and Mr. Jones's success is a rare tribute to the brothers Anthony's strict upbringing and careful tuition.

ONLY recently, so I am informed, has Howell been allowed to smoke and sit up for dinner; and we have all heard those attractive Welsh voices explaining to him the way he should go.

The day ended with a victory for my favourite racehorse, Jack Grange (how often has that horse got us out of the soup!), and Alfred and Max and Marge, and all the rest of them, were delighted. I wish it hadn't been the last race, as I should have liked to join them in the erstwhile cloak-room. Next week I will tell you all about Golden Miller.

The Editor's Box

Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack

In the 72nd edition of *Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack*, the late Mr. S. J. Southerton, the Editor, whose sudden death is to be greatly regretted, gives prominence to "The Hobbs Era," as described by the great batsman himself. The Hon. Mr. Justice Herbert V. Evatt, of the High Court of Australia, tells in a detailed manner that will enlighten followers of the game in other parts of the world, how cricket is conducted in Australia. The Editor's notes deal intimately and frankly with all that is known regarding the "direct attack" bowling controversy. Clearly-set-out score summaries simplify reference to what happened last season, should the reader desire detailed information when going through the County reviews. The Australians in England have had special attention from the Editor. The tour of the M.C.C. team in India is covered, together with the chief cricket in the Colonies.

The game at the public schools is dealt with fully. "Births and Deaths" and all records are brought up to date. Obituaries of prominent players tell of our losses during 1934. The five cricketers added to Wisden's Portrait Gallery are W. J. O'Reilly, S. J. McCabe, W. H. Ponsford—three Australians very conspicuous in winning the Test rubber—G. A. E. Paine, the Warwickshire left-hand slow bowler, and C. I. J. Smith, the Middlesex fast bowler, whose performances might have warranted their appearance for England.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON MARCH

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

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The "Bystander" SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES (1935)

At St. George's Hill, Weybridge

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (11th year), at St. George's Hill, Weybridge, will be played, by kind invitation of the Club, on the First and Second Courses, on Friday, April 12th, 1935.

Holders: MRS. G. H. CARBUTT and MISS MARY PEECH.

ST. GEORGE'S HILL — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, March 28th, 1935.

THE "BYSTANDER" One-Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (Eleventh Year)

To be played at St. George's Hill, Friday, April 12th, 1935.

Please enter

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To play in the above Foursomes at St. George's Hill, with

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Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at .....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about* .....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9.0 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30: play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will not be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play. Entries may be accepted from foreign or other competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, if they will kindly notify Miss Helme.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9.0 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over 36 holes, eighteen holes on the First Course and eighteen on the Second Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Thursday, March 28th, or earlier, if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor at latest on April 1st.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the First Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Second Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the First Course and on the Second Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tieing couples over the First Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tieing cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

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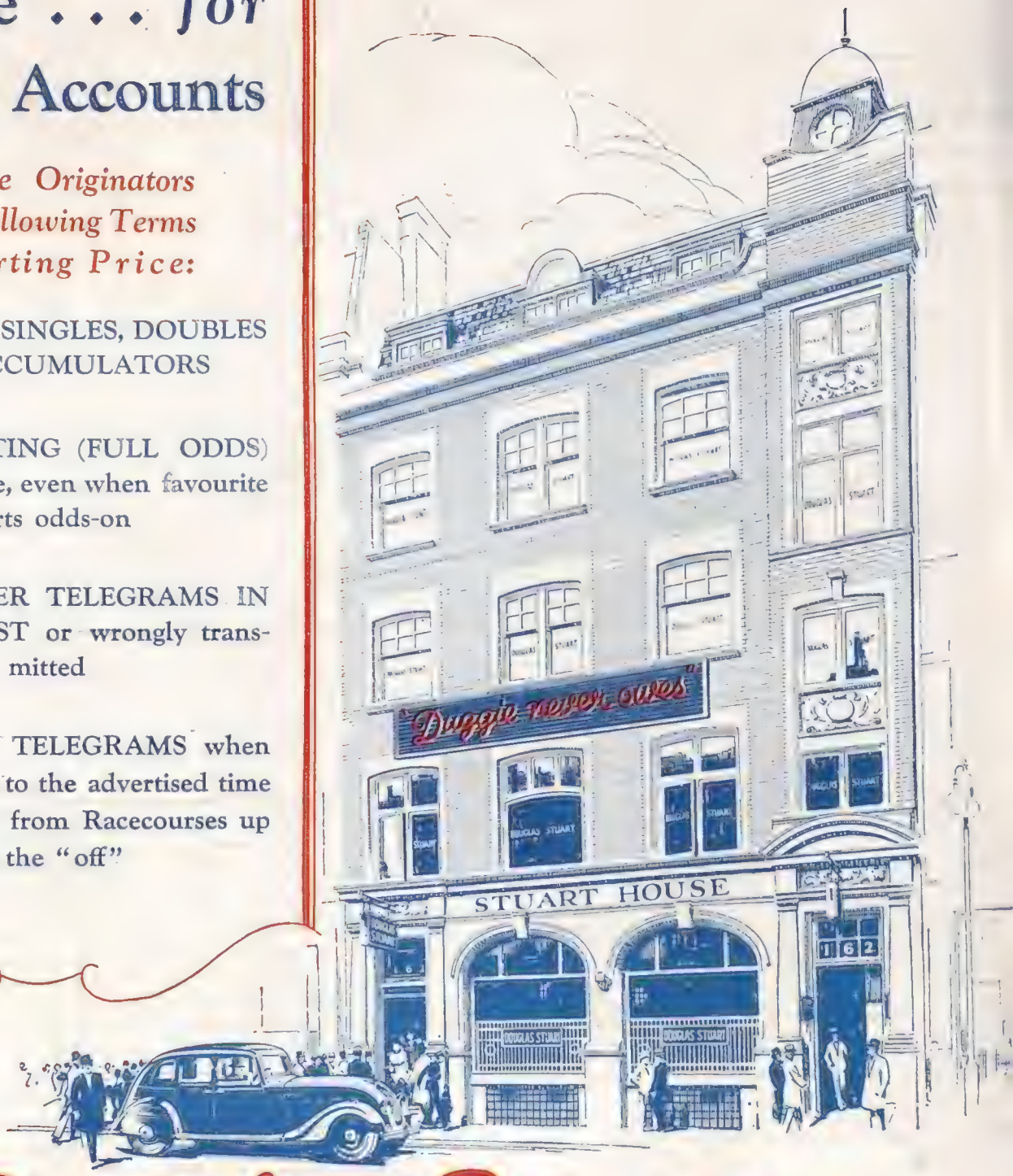

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GETTING MARRIED: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Yvonne Gregory

Joan Poole

Daughter of Sir Reginald Ward Poole, of Buckler's Wood, Beaulieu, Hants., is engaged to Captain Charles Larcom, R.N., youngest son of the late Sir Charles Larcom, and Lady Larcom, of Brandeston, Suffolk

Lenare

Kathleen Powell

Only child of Colonel and Mrs. Robert M. Powell, of the Glebe House, Aldershot, is engaged to Edward Michael Doxford, the Green Howards, son of the late Arthur Doxford, and Mrs. Doxford, of the Grange, Carlton Miniott, Yorks.

Bassano

Diana Harris

Daughter of Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. O. M. Harris, of Peterhayes, Pinhoe, Devon, and niece of Viscount Sidmouth, is to marry Lieut.-Com. John Quicke, R.N., son of Mrs. J. M. Quicke, of Ashbrittle, Somerset, on April 25th, in Devon

Kay Vaughan

Elaine Carter

Above: Elaine Carter is the daughter of Norman Carter, of Alton House, Hampstead, and the late Mrs. Carter, and is engaged to Peter Rice, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rice, of Great Billing, Northants

Douglas

Dulcie Bate

Is the elder daughter of the late Captain F. W. Bate, R.N.R., and Mrs. Bate, of Rodney House, New Malden, Surrey; is engaged to Ronald Woodford-Robinson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Woodford-Robinson, of Bedfordshire

Pearl Freeman

Elizabeth Rayne

Daughter of Captain Geoffrey and Mrs. Rayne, of Prinsted, Hants., is engaged to Desmond Pertwee, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pertwee, of Dedham, Sussex

Hay Wrighton

Ferelith Fuller

Left: Ferelith Patricia Fuller, younger daughter of Admiral Sir Cyril and Lady Fuller, of Douthwaite Dale, Yorks., is engaged to Charles Martin Clarke, 3rd K.O.H., son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clarke, of Tracy Park, Wick

Navana

Diana Low

Is engaged to Edward Goodenough Halliley, R.N., son of Commander Goodenough Halliley, R.N., of Wrafton House, Hatfield; she is the daughter of Mrs. H. F. Low, of North Lodge, Lavant, Chichester

Navana

Eleanor Oswald

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walker C. Oswald, of Benhill Lodge, Sutton, and Ceylon; is engaged to Paymaster Lieut.-Com. S. H. Matthews, R.N., son of the late Dr. Matthews, and Mrs. Matthews, of Southdene, Weybridge

Lenare

Juliet Ann Madocks

Of Glenywern Hall, Denbigh, daughter of Brig.-Gen. W. Madocks, of Old Basing House, Hants., is engaged to Lieut.-Com. L. A. H. Wright, only son of C. W. Wright, of Saxelbye Park, Melton Mowbray

Yvonne Gregory

Catherine Ainsworth

Daughter of Mrs. C. J. Ainsworth, of Avenue Road, Regent's Park, is engaged to Richard Jacobs, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Jacobs, of St. John's Wood, and nephew of Sir Isaac Isaacs, Governor-General of Australia

Paul Tanqueray

Ann Watt

Ann Verity Gibson Watt is to be married to Captain J. W. F. Treadwell, Scots Guards, at Holy Trinity Church, Llandrindod Wells, on April 6th

Kay Vaughan

Joan Mary Micklem

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Micklem, of Britchet Wood, Sevenoaks, Kent; is to be married in May to Maurice Winnington Smith, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smith, of Woodlands, Chislehurst, Kent

Lafayette

Daphne Wake

Daphne Violet Nona Astley Wake, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Astley Wake's only child, is engaged to Hugh Geoffrey Birch Wilson, son of Mrs. F. J. Wilson, of Drayton Gardens, and the late F. J. Wilson, C.I.E.

Left: Paul R. S. Churchward, Coldstream Guards, son of Brig.-Gen. P. R. S. Churchward, and Claire Isobel, daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Whitaker, of Worsley Hall, Shrewsbury, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Churchward — Whitaker

Whiteside — Lord

Captain Alan Whiteside, Punjab Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. Whiteside, of Queen's Park, Chester, and Ethel Courtenay Lord, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Courtenay Lord, were married at St. Martin's, Chelsfield, Kent

Thomas — Norris

Left: J. B. P. Thomas, R.A.F., son of the late Sir Hugh Thomas, and Miss N. P. Norris, daughter of the late Sir Henry Norris, and Lady Norris, of Simon Lodge, Barnes, were married at St. Mary's, Barnes

Birks — Scase

Victor Massey Birks, son of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Birks, of Montreal, and Doreen Scase, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Scase, of Flagcourt, Tadworth, Surrey, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Hulbert — Jones

Lacey Hulbert, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert, of Half Way Lodge, Esher, and Miss Lloyd Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, of Ruckley, Esher, were married at St. Peter's with St. Thomas, Vere Street

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Michael Egan's amusing play, with Diana Churchill and Richard Bird as the argumentative young couple, plus Henry Hewitt and Ellen Pollock: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FROLIC WIND.—Richard Oke's novel brilliantly adapted; a clever, subtle play, with a first-rate cast, including Henrietta Watson, Nina Boucicault, M. Terry Lewis and D. Holmes Gore as four old sisters, Veronica Turleigh, Basil Bartlett: Royalty, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—A fine production and brilliant acting, especially by John Gielgud as Hamlet. George Howe is Polonius; Laura Cowie the Queen; Frank Vosper the King; Jessica Tandy is Ophelia: New, 8. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.15. Last weeks.

HENRY IV., PART I.—George Robey makes a superb and most living Falstaff—a performance not to be missed; the rest of the cast is a fine one, and includes John Drinkwater, Edmund Willard, Patrick Waddington, Lady Tree: His Majesty's, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Louise Hampton, Carol Coombe, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAJOR BARBARA.—Mary Newcombe in the name-part of this Shaw revival in a modern setting, Maurice Evans as the Professor of Greek: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAN OF YESTERDAY.—Leslie Banks gives a fine performance as the ex-soldier with a lost memory. Ann Todd's the nurse he falls in love with, and the rest of the cast make an interesting play all the more worth seeing: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER.—An Irish play with much talk, dramatic action that makes it a play and no sermon; excellent humour, and a good cast: Winter Garden, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE RINGMASTER.—The acting is better than the play in Keith Winter's psychological melodrama; Laurence Olivier (in a bath-chair) is the star, with Cathleen Nesbitt, Dorothy Hyson: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SUMMER'S LEASE.—Another comedy transferred from the Embassy, with Dorice Fordred as heroine: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Jay Mallory's unconvincing and novelette play made credible by Diana Wynyard's fine acting, and good work by Hartley Power and Kathleen Wilson: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Marie Tempest, Madge Titheradge, and Margaret Vines all at their best as three generations of a theatrical family; Robert Douglas in Laurence Olivier's part; the theme is grease-paint versus ordinary life: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

THERE GO ALL OF US.—A play of the law courts, with Matheson Lang as defending counsel, Beatrix Thomson on trial for her life, Aubrey Dexter, Douglas Jeffries: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICEROY SARAH.—A historical play with a most human interest in the distraction of poor Queen Anne (Barbara Everest) between the Duchess of Marlborough (Irene Vanbrugh) and Abigail Hill (Olga Lindo): Whitehall 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YOUTH AT THE HELM.—A witty and original comedy, with Owen Nares as the young City imposter who gets away with it; Kay Hammond as a pert typist; O. B. Clarence, Walter Hudd: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.—A revival for the West End in the Lyric, Hammersmith, manner, with Isabel Jeans as Lucy Lockit, Joan Collier as Polly Peachum, Charles Mayhew as Macheath; Frederic Austin conducts: Criterion, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HI-DIDDLE DIDDLE!—Greta Nissen, Douglas Byng, and John Tilley in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JACK O' DIAMONDS.—Gay and witty lyrics; the Cinderella story makes a cheerful, amused evening; Greta Fayne, Zelma O'Neal, Bobbie Comber, Reginald Purdell, and Richard Dolman all contribute: Gaiety, 8.15. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—A lively musical comedy, in which the four stars, Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe, Louise Browne, and John Mills blow their bubbles gaily: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Dat., 2.30.

LUCKY BREAK.—It 's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

REVUDEVILLE No. 57.—Norah Chapman and Edna Thompson, Gus Chevalier, Eric Woodburn, Cedric Miller, and all the usual favourites: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

THE ROSE OF PERSIA.—Sullivan's comic opera revived, with Joseph Spree as Sultan Hassan, Desirée Ellinger as the favourite slave: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STOP PRESS.—Décor, lighting and grouping that 's really original, satire that 's sometimes well pointed; Phyllis Monkman, Dorothy Dickson, and Laurence Anderson head the cast: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

BARNET'S FOLLY.—West Country comedy, by Jan Stewer, with Muriel Aked, May Agate, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and the Baddeley sisters as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

CORNELIUS.—Priestley's new play, with Ralph Richardson as a business man in the name part, Victoria Hopper as a typist: Duchess, to-night.

HENRY IV., PART II.—With George Merritt as Falstaff: Old Vic, March 25th.

WORSE THINGS HAPPEN AT SEA.—Another Keith Winter play, with Ena Burrell, Yvonne Arnaud and Frank Lawton: St. James's, March 26th.

CINEMAS

ABDUL THE DAMNED.—Fritz Kortner as Abdul, Nils Asther, Adrienne Ames, and John Stuart in a bit of film history with an Eastern setting; Karle Grune directed: Regal.

THE BEST MAN WINS.—Deep-sea diving, with Jack Holt, Edmund Lowe and Bela Lugosi. And DEATH AT BROADCASTING HOUSE.—With real B.B.C. stars as well as screen ones: Capitol.

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS.—A new Jack Buchanan comedy film, with Lili Damita as the girl who helps him spend his money: Leicester Square Theatre.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Ronald Colman and Loretta Young in the film version of the historical play; Colman makes a good-ish Clive: Tivoli, from March 21st.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.—A successful screen reproduction from Hollywood of the Dickens story and atmosphere; with Freddie Bartholomew and Frank Lawton as David, boy and man, Edna May Oliver as Betsey Trotwood, W. C. Fields as Mr. Micawber: Palace.

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER.—A very fine film, based on Yeats-Brown's book, with Gary Cooper as hero, Franchot Tone, Guy Standing, Richard Cromwell, and Kathleen Burke: Carlton.

THE MAN FROM FOLIES BERGÈRE.—Maurice Chevalier is that man, with Merle Oberon and Ann Sothern as two girls for him: London Pavilion.

MASKERADE.—Willi Forst's (Unfinished Symphony) film of Vienna in 1905, with Paula Wessely, who acts superbly: Academy.

OH, DADDY!—A farce with Leslie Henson and Frances Day teamed up, and worth seeing: New Gallery.

RUGGLES OF RED GAP.—A comedy, with Charles Laughton as star as a valet; with him are Charlie Ruggles, ZaSu Pitts, Leila Hyams: Plaza.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.—Leslie Howard, Raymond Massey, and Merle Oberon in the excellent film of Baroness Orczy's novel: Marble Arch Pavilion.

SHADOW OF DOUBT.—With Virginia Bruce and Ricardo Cortez. THE GREEN PACK.—An Edgar Wallace thriller with John Stuart, Aileen Marson and Garry Marsh: Empire.

. . . SO ENDED A GREAT LOVE.—Paula Wessely as Marie-Louise, Napoleon's second wife-to-be, Willi Forst as the Duke of Modena, Gustaf Gründgens as Metternich; a beautifully photographed film: Curzon.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: 195, Piccadilly, from March 25th.

STEUBEN GLASS.—America's most beautiful hand-made glass: Fine Arts Society, Bond Street.

IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: Olympia, from March 26th.

NATIONAL PONY SHOW: Agricultural Hall, March 22nd-23rd.

OPERA AND BALLET

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DIE FLEDERMAUS: to-night, 8.

FRA DIAVOLO: March 21st, 8.

THE SNOW MAIDEN: March 22nd, 7.45.

LA TRAVIATA: March 23rd, 2.30.

EUGÈNE ONEGIN: March 23rd, 8.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH, RIO GRANDE (first performance here), THE JAR: March 26th, 8.30.

TELEVARIETY.—Full chorus and corps de ballet, with symphony orchestra; Maude Lloyd and Harold Turner as chief soloists. Gillie Potter, Helen Binnie, and the Arnaut Brothers do their turns as well: Coliseum, 6.30 and 9. Sat., 2.30.

(*Continued on page E*)

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What's On

(Continued from page D)

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Boult conducts, Heifetz is the soloist for Mozart's Violin Concerto in A; the programme includes Berg, Ravel, Frescobaldi, Malipiero: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.30.

R.P.S.—Beecham conducts; Rachmaninoff plays his Rhapsodie sur un Thème de Paganini; Borodin's First Symphony, Holst and Dvorak are included: Queen's Hall, March 21st, 8.15.

Bach Festival.—Mass in B Minor, by the Bach Choir, and orchestra, conducted by Reginald Jacques: Central Hall, Westminster, March 22, 8.15.

Bach Evening.—Sir Henry Wood conducts some of the L.P.O., with Wuhrer, Jelly d'Aranyi, Adila Fachiri, and Jo Vincent: Queen's Hall, March 26th, 8.15.

Recitals

Isolde Menges Quartet.—Second concert; Mozart's String Quintets in D major and E flat major, and Brahms's String Quintet in G major: Wigmore Hall, March 22nd, 8.30.

Solomon.—Piano recital: Queen's Hall, March 23rd, 3.15.

Richard Tauber: Albert Hall, March 24th, 3.

Gere Cotna.—Violin recital: first appearance in England: Aeolian Hall, March 25th, 8.30.

Busch Concert.—Fifth of series; Adolf Busch and Rudolf Serkin in Busoni, Mozart, and Beethoven piano-violin sonatas: Wigmore Hall, March 25th, 8.30.

Emanuel Feuermann.—'Cello recital: Wigmore Hall, March 26th, 8.30.

Elena Liarosa.—Lieder recital, with Dr. Felix Weingartner accompanying his own songs: Aeolian Hall, March 26th, 8.15.

SPORT

Racing.—Grand Military Meeting: Sandown Park, March 22nd-23rd.

Lincoln: March 25th-27th.

"Rugger."—Army v. R.A.F.: Twickenham, March 23rd.

Athletics.—Oxford v. Cambridge: White City, March 23rd.

Motoring.—R.A.C. Rally: Eastbourne, March 26th-30th.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

Blue Train.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night, Tuesday.

Café Anglais.—Second edition of the "1935 Follies," presented by Carl Hyson and Leslie Roberts, Louis Simmonds's band and Java's Tziganes: extension, Friday.

Café de la Paix.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant and grill; cabaret at midnight.

Café de Paris.—Douglas Byng is back here once more as cabaret-king; dancing to Jack Harris, who presents Ann Howard: extension, Wednesday.

Carlton.—Dancing on Tuesdays: special band and cabaret, and extension.

Dorchester.—A new show, with the Le Roy Prinz girls, the Three Sailors, and some star dancing; Jack Jackson plays good dance music: extension. Thursday.

Grosvenor House.—The Monte Carlo Follies are here; the turns include Gomez and Winona, and the Arnaut Brothers: extension, Thursday.

Quaglino's.—Diana Ward, a lovely crooner, appears at cabaret time; Van Straten makes his excellent dance-music: extension, Wednesday.

San Marco.—The new Venetian restaurant in Devonshire House; Maurice Winnick's band plays for dancing; no cabaret; extension night, Wednesday.

Villa Rodet.—Colleen Clifford sings and impersonates; music by Phil Green's band; extension and augmented cabaret, Tuesday.

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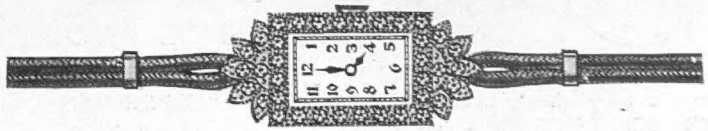

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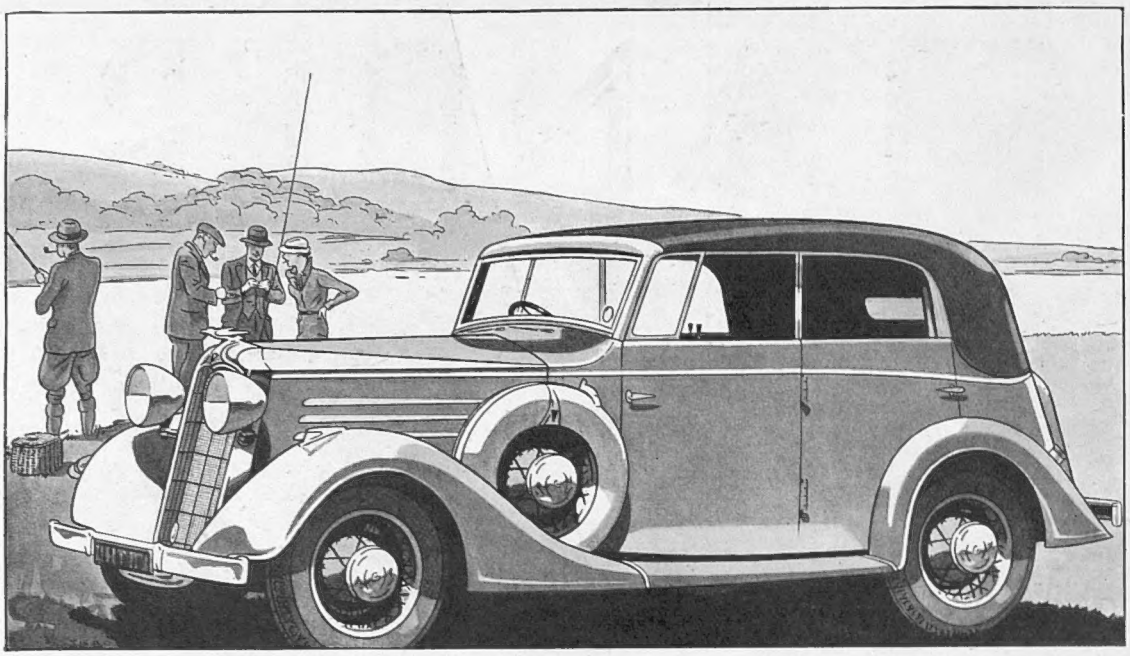

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